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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 225.—Vol. XVII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 25, 1908 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo VISCOUNTESS CURZON *W. and D. Downey*

The wife of the son and heir of Earl Howe. She is the only daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Montagu Curzon, and was married to her cousin, Viscount Curzon, last year

No. 225.—Vol. XVII.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions

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The Allstory Book. April, 1908. (Munsey Co.: 6*d.*)
"The Blue Ocean's Daughter." By C. Townsend Brady. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"A Modern Man's Confession." By Alfred de Musset. (Greening: 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)
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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES, care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

"The Truth About the Navy"

Some Middies and the Chaplain of H.M.S. "Formidable" enjoying "The Truth About the Navy" Pictures.

A few more of the Special Sets of this Popular Series of Drawings are still obtainable. They are more than double the size of the original reproductions in THE BYSTANDER, are printed on the best paper in sepia, double-toned ink, and are mounted on stiff card mounts.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday March 25, 1908

No fewer than twenty-seven Haytians are said to have been dragged from their beds by the Government and shot in the small hours of the morning. There is always a certain amount of fanaticism about these Daylight Saving measures.

* * *

Hayti must have improved of late years, in spite of its critics, for—says an expert—"to be a 'blanc,' or white man, is now to have a passport in the island." Formerly, of course, to be a "blanc" generally resulted in having to form an entrée.

* * *

Are we more excitable than the Americans? Lately we made a good deal of fuss about our week-end war, and details of the fighting were constantly cabled. Yet last week-end, when a severe race-war was being waged in Louisiana, the only news that came through was that the wounded filled a special train to New Orleans. And there is no talk of having medals struck to commemorate the battles.

* * *

It is reported that after finishing his visit to Quebec the Prince of Wales will be officially invited to go to Washington. Souvenir-hunters maintain that rather more notice than this ought to be given, as unless extra precautions are taken by the Prince's tailors, it will be almost too easy to tear his buttons off.

* * *

The King, when he visited the States, assumed the title of Baron Renfrew, out of respect—says the *Telegraph*—for American Republican sentiment. No doubt from an equally delicate motive Americans who had the pleasure of meeting Baron Renfrew always insist on referring to the occasion "when I met the Prince of Wales."

* * *

Mr. Asquith's chauffeur has been fined for exceeding the speed-limit. Mr. Asquith himself is, we believe, now wishing it had been the Time-limit.

* * *

Cigars have now been manufactured from tobacco grown in Regent's Park. Many of those, however, who have attempted to drown themselves in the Regent's Canal have been non-smokers.

* * *

The invention of an automatic violin has caused a considerable sensation in London musical circles. Musicians maintain that they are now looking forward to what is pretty sure to follow—namely, the patenting of automatic bagpipes. And—as the late Poet Laureate briefly put it—"after that, the dark."

* * *

Autobiography has always been the distinctive feature of *M.A.P.* "The Story of My Life," by Mr. Caine, which begins in our contemporary shortly, should prove an invaluable Hall-mark.

* * *

"Another Boxing Fiasco" was announced by the posters last week. Can it really be the case that our K.C.'s are degenerating?

* * *

The motto "In God We Trust" has been restored to American gold and silver coins. A proposal to add the words "And in our stockings" is considered to reflect too hardly upon American bankers to deserve consideration.

* * *

A good many people are of opinion that, so far from being severe in his remarks on General Gordon, Lord Cromer has made the mistake of being too strictly for Baring.

* * *

In taking his first tube-ride the other day, the Kaiser is reported to have asked for a new carriage, as he is greatly afraid of germs. No doubt this explains why he is always asking for new ships. He does not care for the germs of a Navy.

SOCIETY FUNCTIONS *(Illustrated)*

A SELECT BRIDGE PARTY

By Dudley Buxton

RACING NOTIONS

LIVERPOOL PROSPECTS. By CARBINE

The Blue Riband of Steeplechasing

By the time this issue reaches the reader, all doubts as to the result of the Lincolnshire Handicap will have been set at rest, and the next great problem before racing people will be to find the winner of the Grand National. And what a problem it is, to be sure! Everyone you meet is full of what he calls his "fancy," and if you believed all you heard you would soon be reduced to a state of hopeless bewildering perplexity, as there would be at least half a dozen horses all commended to you as "cast-iron certainties." "So-and-So is bound to win, *if he stands up*" is an expression you hear repeatedly, and I think it is about the most ridiculous way in which a "tip" for the National can be given, because it is all a question of "standing up." It is the vital necessity of the race. Without you have reasonable grounds for supposing that your horse will get over this tremendous country, it can scarcely be worth while to have a real dash on him. In fact, "dashes" in connection with the Grand National are more than usually hazardous, as the element of luck enters extraordinarily into the race. Last year our "good thing," Eremon, was nearly vanquished through no fault of his own, as the riderless Rathvale did his best to knock him over, and his jockey had only one stirrup-iron for half the distance. Mishaps of the most unlooked-for character occur every year, and yet it is, perhaps, the most fascinating of all races, and we are always eager to back our opinions in spite of all the risks. So here goes for an attempt to forecast Friday's result.

Prominent Competitors

It is pleasant to know that the King's horse, Flaxman, won his race in Ireland last week, and the wonderful outburst of enthusiasm when Ambush II. triumphed eight years ago would certainly be repeated in even a more intense form if a Royal victory should come about on Friday. This would, indeed, be consolation to his Majesty for all the bad luck he has experienced in racing lately. But I am afraid Flaxman is not good enough. Leinster's chance must be ignored after his shocking display at Rugby last week, and I cannot think that Seisdon Prince could be suddenly made into a National horse after having done so little at Liverpool during his lengthy career as a 'chaser. At the end of last week Seisdon Prince was favourite at 7 to 1, yet, rightly or wrongly, I feel obliged to pass him over when endeavouring to find the winner. More to my liking is Springbok, one of the best-backed horses in the race. There can be no getting away from the excellence he showed when winning the Grand Sefton Steeplechase at Aintree. By this we know that the fences have no terrors for Springbok, and my advice is not to leave him out of the reckoning. Probably Kirkland will be one of those who will complete the course, and Paddy Maher, of whom they think a lot in Ireland, ought to be another capable of getting by the judge's box at the finish.

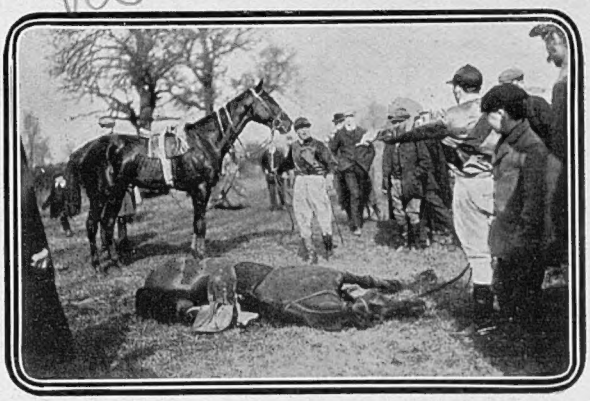


Photo *Sport and General*

"A Few Words" after a Collision between two Competitors at the Rugby Hunt Steeplechase Meeting last week

The Probable Winner

And now we come to Mount Prospect's Fortune, who is, I am glad to see, a certain runner. He has changed hands since this time last week, having been purchased by Mr. C. R. Hodgson and Mr. P. Nelke in partnership. It seems strange that any man should dispose of a potential Grand National winner on the eve of the race, but Captain Paynter's chief interest in steeplechasing is in riding his own horses. Weight prevents him from having the mount in the National, and so the horse, according to present arrangements, will be ridden by that good jockey, Dick Morgan. This is obviously a point in his favour. He has proved to us, firstly, that he can jump the Aintree fences, as he won the Champion 'Chase last year, and, secondly, that he can carry weight, as his performance under 13st. at the Grand Military Meeting was wonderfully fine. He is a grand stayer, represents good "class," and altogether I have confidence in his power to win the great race. Tom West, my original selection, has a chance that still appeals to me, and he ought certainly to be supported each way, but the recent brilliance of the other cannot be overlooked, and so my selection must be

MOUNT PROSPECT'S FORTUNE.

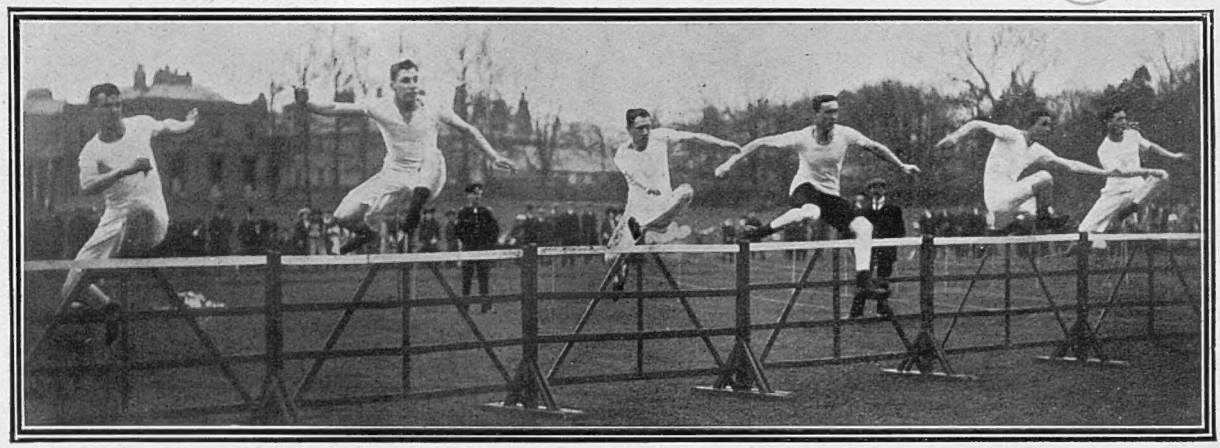
I take Tom West and Springbok as being likely to be nearest to him at the finish.

The Liverpool Spring Meeting

The Spring Cup will be the chief race on the flat during the second half of the week, and a glance at the probable competitors will show that it ought to be a very interesting affair. Menu, who won over this course in the autumn at a sensational price, might be formidable again, as her weight has not been raised much; Stick-up commands respect by reason of his success in the Derby Gold Cup and his third in the Cambridgeshire; while Glacis, who ran second in Menu's race, has bottom weight, and has been doing well in training. I regard the issue as resting between these three on Thursday, and anticipate the success of Glacis.

The R.M.C. Sports

INCIDENTS AT SANDHURST LAST WEEK



The 120 Yards Hurdle Race, which was won by A. H. R. M. Laird

The Finish of the Half-Mile
Won by A. H. Oliver, who was also first in the Quarter-Mile

P. W. Barrington Foote Wins the Long Jump
Covering a distance of 19ft. 11in.

Rounding the Flag in the Three-Legged Race
Won by R. H. Gallagher and P. A. Edwards

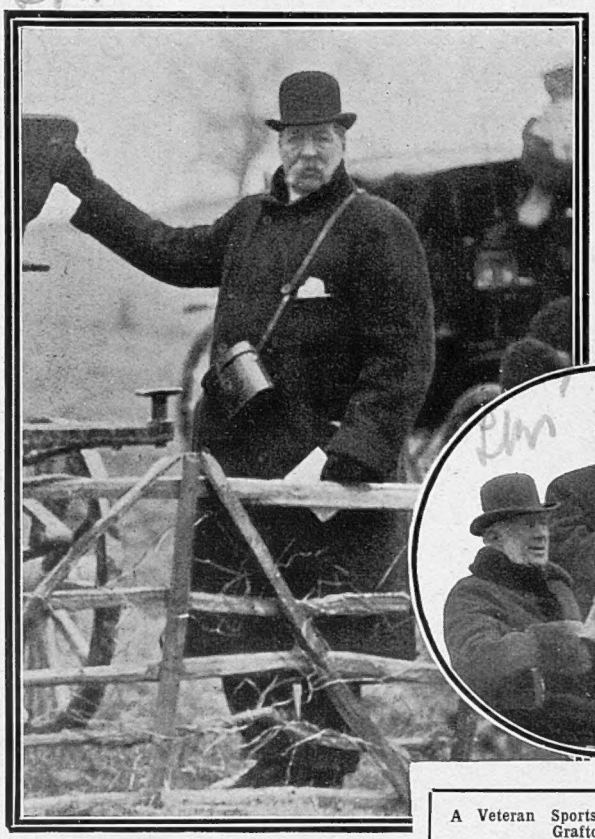
Photos *Sport and General*

The Tug-of-War for the Inter-Company Challenge Shield, in which E Company defeated B Company by 2 pulls to 1

The annual sports were held at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, on Friday and Saturday last, and among the many distinguished spectators present on the second day was Lord Roberts. Some excellent racing was seen, and the Challenge Shield for the Company doing best in the sports was won by D Company. There was a tie for the Silver Medal for the best cadet, Gentlemen Cadets Smith and Oliver tying with 40 points each

The Grand Military Point-to-Point Meeting

PERSONALITIES AT WEEDON LAST WEEK

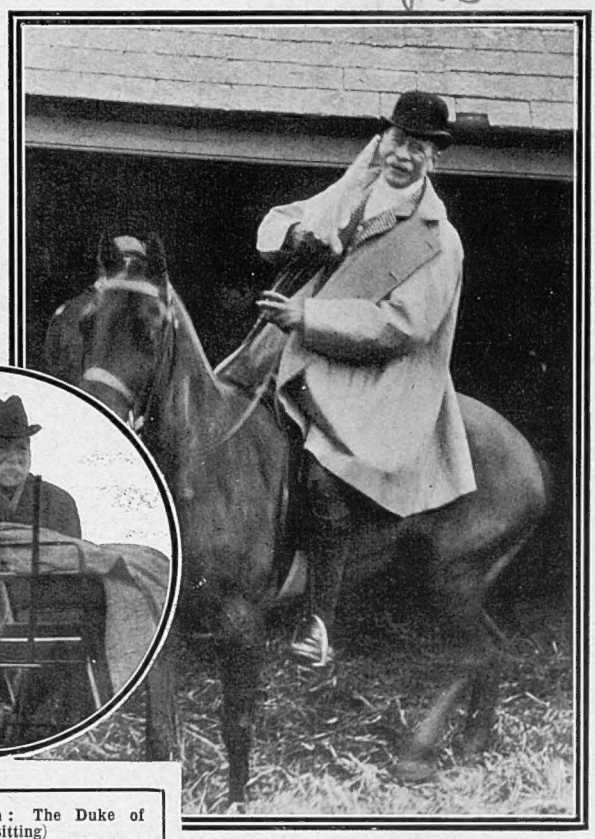


The Earl Euston, the heir to the Grafton Dukedom

He is a keen Volunteer, having seen twenty-six years' service with the auxiliary forces. Having no children, his heir is his brother, Lord Alfred Fitzroy

A Veteran Sportsman: The Duke of Grafton (sitting)

Although the Duke has not ridden to hounds for very many years, he is greatly interested in the Grafton Hunt, and is a diligent fox-preserver



Lord Alfred Fitzroy, the Starter, a younger son of the Duke of Grafton

He is a regular follower of the Grafton Hounds, and has sometimes acted as Deputy-Master

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. C. McNeill, the Master of the Grafton Hunt, in conjunction with which the meeting was held

Last week's Grand Military Point-to-Point Steeplechases were held in conjunction with the Grafton Hunt at Weedon, Northampton. The sport was characterised by frequent spills, without, fortunately, any very serious consequences. The Lightweight Point-to-Point was won by Major E. J. R. Peel on Merry Song; and the Military Welter, which looked a sure win for Lord Hugh Grosvenor till his fall two fences from home, was won by Mr. G. Powell's Kuropatkin

·THE·WORLD'S·PAGEANT·

Photo **St. Patrick's Day in Ireland** *Graphic Photo Union*

A demonstration in Longford, after marching from Newtown Forbes. Note the hazels—the weapons of cattle-raiding—in the hands of the demonstrators at the back

The O'Conor Régime at Constantinople

The death of Sir Nicholas O'Conor removes an able and an affable personality from the banks of the Bosphorus. As an Ambassador, he was sound rather than brilliant. After the late Lord Currie, whose too strenuous concern for the various afflicted races of the Ottoman Empire made relations between Britain and the Porte anything but cordial, Sir Nicholas was, certainly, with his quiet, philosophic, conversational method of negotiation, a very welcome relief. Though, however, he preserved friendly relations with the Sultan, Sir Nicholas was somewhat too sparing of outward display to restore British prestige in Constantinople to its original level. Entertainment and hospitality at the Embassy were dispensed with somewhat too scrupulous regard for economy to make it the popular rendezvous it should have been. In fact, to the Oriental eye, Britain shone anything but lustrously. Germany, Austria, and Russia easily outstripped us in social show and splendour. Strange as it may seem, too, though representing the greatest naval Power, the British Embassy's "yacht" (or, rather, gunboat) at Therapia is considerably smaller and inferior in appointments to those of other Powers. However, it is possible that it was not altogether the fault of the Ambassador himself that such a state of things obtained. Personally, Sir Nicholas was a man of great charm of manner, and his liking for the Turk was as pronounced as was his dislike of Exeter Hall fanaticism.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

The Late Sir Nicholas O'Conor, G.C.B.

British Ambassador at Constantinople, who has just died at the age of sixty-five. He had been for ten years at his post

* * *

The Penitential Season

During Lent, the trend of social affairs is invariably political. Parties are given for the Government, for the Opposition, for Charity, for everything, in fact, save just pure pleasure.

* * *

—And the Figure

This year, Fashion having declared that the feminine outline is to be modelled after the pattern of the leek, the *mondaine* is availing herself of this season of retrenchment and retreat to go into training for her figure. The *fausse maigre*, so I am informed, is positively the one and only figure to be tolerated this season. An impression of slenderness must be conveyed at all costs, and the result can only be achieved by *régimes*, by exercises, by the strictest abstinence, and by the most ingenious cutting of the female frock divine. It has been done in Paris — the *Parisienne* just now is wraith-like in appearance—so why not in England, where there is less exuberance of outline and more tendency to "bant"?

* * *

Racing and the Riviera

That section of the leisured world which is neither in retreat for its figure nor on the Riviera for its health and amusement, this week starts racing. At Hawthorn Hill, to-day and to-morrow, the Brigade of Guards have their steeplechases at a gay little meeting exclusively their own. Friday, over in Ireland, sees the Army Point-to-Point Races at Kill Hill, where, at Palmerston, near by, Lord and Lady Mayo have a big party for the occasion. Lincoln races, which started yesterday, have never, somehow or other, succeeded in drawing the "Smart Set," though there are still a certain number of enthusiastic racing people who take Lincoln on their way up to Liverpool for the Grand National.

Is Suffragism Becoming Popular?

Liverpool House-Parties

The Grand National being one of the few race meetings the Prince of Wales cares to attend, it was hoped he would again this year join Lord and Lady Derby's house-party at Knowsley. But the departure of both the Prince and Princess for Germany has been fixed for to-day, so there will be no Royalties present to see the King's horse go over the sticks. Lord and Lady Derby always arrive at the races in semi-state. They have their private luncheon-room and balcony on the Grand Stand, and bring their party over in open carriages drawn by four horses and postillioned.

popular sympathy with them, which is hourly increasing. No longer do the middle-classes scoff and snort. As our photograph shows, they regard Suffragists with mingled interest and approval. So far as Society is concerned, of course, the Suffrage battle is already fought and won. Many of the leading women of the country are in the movement, including prominent members of the great governing house of Cecil and allied families. If Mr. Balfour, when he again becomes Premier, does not introduce a Suffrage Bill, he will be in danger of being eaten up by his "ain fireside"—for he has near relations among the elect.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Suffragism: Is It Becoming Popular?

Respectable crowd witnesses the departure for Peckham of the redoubtable Mrs. Pankhurst. It will be seen that the persons assembled are anything but hostile in their demeanour, and that they belong largely to the middle-class. The increasing tolerance shown by the populace to the tactics of the Suffragists is being noted, not without concern, by opponents of "Votes for Women." So far as Society is concerned, of course, the cause has already enthusiastic champions among the leading families of the land

Lord and Lady Sefton are still big-game hunting in the East, so there will be no party at Croxteth this year, but the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, Lord and Lady Cholmondeley, and Colonel and Mrs. Hall Walker are among those who always bring parties.

* * *

Peckham and the Suffrage

I write before knowing the result of the Peckham poll. Whether or not it be what I expect it to be (I won't say anything about my hopes), it will be impossible to deny to the Suffragists a share in the honours of the campaign. The ladies' tongues have been tireless, and their brains inexhaustible. Of all the assembled bodies—and their name was legion—who thronged Peckham, theirs has been the most persistent. The surprising and the significant fact is the extent of

Convivial Mr. Asquith

Meanwhile, Mr. Asquith, the man of the hour, and the man who, to the intense amusement of his friends and intimates who know him to be himself decidedly of a convivial turn of mind, is bringing in the Licensing Bill, remains also the man of calm. At this, the crucial moment of his career, he presents an absolutely unruffled front, reminding one over again of that day in 1895 when the Rosebery Government was defeated, and he and Mr. Balfour—"two minds with but a single thought"—went off to Earl's Court together and spent the evening shooting the chute. Mr. Asquith, like Nelson, is one of those men who are quite unimposing save in action. Short of stature, very pale, and cold, and grey, and listless, he is always carelessly dressed, and is entirely lacking in that personal magnetism and dry humour

The Duchess of Portland

Photo by Braun, Clément and Co., Paris, from the Painting by J. S. Sargent in the Exhibition of Fair Women

It is with very great pleasure that, by special permission of her Grace, we are enabled to present a reproduction of the picture of the Duchess now on view at the New Gallery. Her Grace is one of the handsomest and most exclusive, yet kindest and cheeriest, women in London Society. Her wide interest in charity is proverbial

Australia Takes Lord Dudley

which enabled Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to ward off so many storms and steer clear of so many rocks.

* * *

Mr. Asquith "Chez Lui"

At home, Mr. Asquith is as perfect a listener as his wife is a talker. The "Dodo" of the 'nineties has become a vivid and most tireless conversationalist. Mrs. Asquith talks, and, silently, the Chancellor of the Exchequer listens; and when they play golf together "Dodo" wins. Mr. Asquith was one of Jowett's young men, and Mrs. Asquith worshipped Jowett. His children are all clever, his son Raymond modelled on himself, his daughter Violet on her step-mother, and between another daughter, Elizabeth, "Dodo's" child, and Lady Angela Forbes's little girl I was once privileged to overhear the following conversation:—

ELIZABETH ASQUITH (about six): "My father's in the Parliament House."

LADY A. FORBES'S LITTLE GIRL: "Oh, is he? I shouldn't like that. Mine's a soldier!"

ELIZABETH (*nettled*): "I'm taller than you."

LADY A. F.'s LITTLE GIRL: "Oh, but you won't be when you're grown up. *Not with those two mites of parents!*"

* * *

Lord Dudley in Australia

It is at least a coincidence that the resignation of his successor in Ireland should be expected at the very moment in which Lord Dudley's appointment as Governor-General of Australia is announced. Lord Dudley will go to Melbourne with the reputation of having been the most popular and the most lavishly hospitable Viceroy Ireland has ever known. He has had time in which to recover from the strain upon his monetary resources which such hospitality is well known to have imposed. And though the conditions in Sydney are much the same financially as in Dublin—*i.e.* the Commonwealth is poor, there is no money to spend on "frills," and the Governor-General's allowance is limited—yet, socially, it will be possible to court popularity at a lower cost than in the Emerald Isle, the Colonial idea in such matters differing very materially from the Home.

Photo *Lafayette*

Lady Dudley

AUSTRALIA'S NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL

Photo *Whitlock*

Lord Dudley

(With his daughter, Lady Gladys Honor Ward) in riding costume

His Family

Lord Dudley, who is only forty-two, is big and burly, and universally popular. His Viceroyalty in Ireland was held, of course, under a Unionist Government, yet he is in favour of the present Government's Irish policy, and his countenance of Devolution was brought to light in the Wyndham-MacDonnell controversy. He is pre-eminently a sportsman. His marriage to Miss Rachel Gurney, the poor but pretty daughter of Mr. Charles Gurney, took place in 1891, and though Lady Dudley still looks a girl, and is one of the slenderest women in Society, they now have a very large family of sons and daughters, including twins, to which the King and Prince of Wales stood sponsors a year ago. Lord Dudley's income is mostly derived from mines and land in Worcestershire and Staffordshire.

* * *

Who Was She? An Alhambra Mystery

Visitors to the Alhambra last Wednesday experienced something sensational in the way of surprises. Just before the Ballet came on (the bewitching "Cloches de Corneville") there appeared on the stage, unannounced, except by a card bearing the mysterious word, "l'Incognita," a lady, wearing a black domino, whose exquisitely gowned figure and dignified bearing denoted the woman of rank. In a moment the surprise had increased, for a soprano voice of remarkable sweetness and power had started to sing a popular excerpt from one of the Italian operas. The performance of the *scena* was so notable, and the high notes so particularly clear, that everybody who heard it agreed that here, probably, was a singer deserving of European reputation. It has since reached my ears that the identity of the lady is as little known to the management of the Alhambra as it was to the audience. They had, a day or two since, received from a solicitor an application on behalf of a lady client to be allowed to sing, masked, for one night only, at their hall. After a trial before the stage manager, at which she had arrived (duly masked), in an electric brougham, accompanied by two maids, consent was given. The lady would accept no fee for her performance, which was given gratuitously. Am I very far wrong in suggesting that the appearance is the result of a wager?

Concerning Some Foreign Royalties

A Portuguese and Prussian Alliance

It was fairly obvious, I suppose, that the suggested visit of the Emperor William to Portugal would give rise to a report that a marriage project is on foot between King Manuel and Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, the Kaiser's only daughter. The statement is, at any rate, wholly premature, though it cannot be said to be entirely outside the bounds of possibility. There are two Spanish Princesses who, by descent and faith, would seem more fitted for the not particularly enviable position of Queen of Portugal. They are Maria del Pilar of Bavaria, daughter of Prince Louis Ferdinand of Spain, and grand-daughter of Queen Isabella, and the Archduchess Mechtilda of Austria, a niece of the Queen Dowager of Spain. But, apart from the fact that the Portuguese laws of succession are made to exclude as far as possible any union with Spain, neither of these Princesses is very richly dowered, and the Kaiser's only daughter will be both rich and powerful. It is probable, therefore, that, religious difficulties successfully surmounted, Portugal, at least, would have no objection to the alliance.

* * *

The German Visit

From her photograph, although of late the Princess "Luischen" has lengthened her skirts and become what the Germans call a "*Backfisch*," it will be seen that she bears a marked resemblance to her eldest brother, the Crown Prince, also to her cousin, Princess Mary of Wales. There is, of course, a uniformity in Royal wardrobes which makes all Royal ladies, young and old, look very much alike. But, in these two Princesses, the Guelph characteristics—full-lidded, pale-coloured eyes, pallid complexion, and heavily moulded features—are similarly reproduced. It is probable that the Prince and Princess of Wales will go to Germany this week. If so, they will be the guests of the Grand Duke of Hesse at Deutz, where the Prince of Wales will take the opportunity of inspecting the 8th Regiment of Prussian Cuirassiers, of which he is the Honorary Colonel-in-Chief. The Grand Duke, a son of the late Princess Alice, is a less aristocratic, rather more genial edition of the Kaiser—the Kaiser without that fearsome moustache, and with a homelier, less autocratic nose. He married first the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh — the Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia—and his present wife was born Princess Eleonore of Solms-Hohensolms-Lich. A son was born to them last year.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Sequel to a Hapsburg "Romance"

Frau Wölfling (centre) (wife of the Archduke Leopold of Austria), who, as a sequel to her divorce last October, has lost her reason. She is seen above walking in the streets of Vienna with her two sisters

Photo *E. N. A.*

The Princess Louise — The German Empress

German Royalties at a Review

(The close resemblance between the young Princess and her brother, the German Crown Prince, will at once be noticed)

* * *

Morganatic Hapsburgs

In England, where the morganatic marriage is ignored, deplored, and considered as a state at least verging on the improper, the partiality of the Hapsburgs for morganatic unions is entirely incomprehensible. In Russia, Germany, and Austria, the laws of the land and Church hold such alliances as sacred, though they allow them to be set aside without the formalities of a divorce. In Vienna, one of the loveliest and most popular women at Court, the Princess of Campofranco, is the daughter of the morganatically married Archduke Henry, and is married to the son of a morganatic Hapsburg marriage, while the heir to the Emperor of Austria, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, is morganatically married to the Countess Chotek, his children holding the rank of their mother only. At the Court of Francis Joseph, who, by the way, is again in frail health, there are to this day many descendants of the ex-Empress Marie Louise and the Duchess de Berry, both of whom were morganatically married. They are treated as relations by the Imperial family, but do not, of course, hold Imperial rank.

* * *

A Morganatic Sequel

The Archduke Leopold of Austria, better known as Herr Wölfling, brother of Mme. Toselli, the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, shares with the rest of the Hapsburgs a tendency to descend rather than ascend the social ladder when essaying the plains of matrimony. It is recent history that he renounced his

The Vandalism of Commerce

Imperial rights in order to marry the actress Adamovitch, seen in our picture walking in the streets of Vienna with her two sisters. With her, for a year or so, the Archduke led the "Simple Life," but, having become enamoured of a woman even lower than the Adamovitch in the social scale, Herr Wölfling divorced her last October, and married again. Her divorce is said to have preyed on her mind to such an extent that she lost her reason. She lately threatened one of her sisters with a revolver, and, at her intervention, has now been placed in an asylum.

* * *

The House of the Huntlys

Of great interest to students of Stuart and Scottish history is the announcement that the Cockburn Association propose to purchase, restore, and preserve as a specimen of Scottish Sixteenth-Century Domestic Architecture, the old town house of the Marquises of Huntly in Canongate, Edinburgh. The Marquisate of Huntly is the oldest in all Scotland. The fourth Earl, when Queen Mary came from France to Edinburgh, "rode to town, with three tall sons, three hundred Gordons, and his pipers, at quickstep before him, playing 'Cock o' the North.'" He came, "exceedingly fat, white-haired, with a high-coloured, windy, passionate face, flaming blue eyes and a husky voice, worn by shrieking at his Gordons," to seek the Earldom of Moray, and to ask the Queen's hand for his son George. For "both were Catholics, both Sovereign rulers, both young, and both fine imps, and if she traced her descent from Malcolm Canmore he got his from Gadiffer, the brother of Perceforest, whose right name was Betis, whose ancestor was Brutus' self, whose root was fast in Laomedon, King of Troy."

Photo *Bassano*

Sir William Cooke

Late Master of the Ledbury F.H., who has now taken over the Mastership of Sir Hugo Fitzherbert's Hunt at Scarborough, where he owns land and is very popular. He is a brother-in-law of Lord Londesborough

* * *

—And Their End

But Queen Mary did not marry a Gordon. Instead, the old Earl's son married the heiress of Châtelhérault, and outlived the unhappy Queen. The next Earl was head of the Catholic party in Scotland, and his son died on the scaffold for his devotion to the Stuart cause. In 1649, Viscount Aboyne, the Gordon "martyr's" son, expired of grief on hearing of the execution of King Charles, and his brothers emigrated to Poland, finding Scotland "no longer a place for honest men." The present Marquis of Huntly married, in order to retrieve his fallen fortunes, a daughter of Sir William Cunliffe Brooks.

Photo] **The Vandalism of Commerce: Shops as Intruders upon History** [*Graphic Photo Union*

The house of the Marquis of Huntly, Canongate, one of Edinburgh's most interesting historic relics, is now but the background for a row of small shops. (As one of these is, however, that of a newsagent, it is not for us to carry antiquarian enthusiasm too far.) The house is expected to be purchased by the Cockburn Association and restored. It dates from the sixteenth century, the Marquisate of Huntly being of great antiquity

Changing Their Rôles

WELL-KNOWN MEN WHO ARE DIRECTING THEIR ENERGIES INTO NEW CHANNELS

Photos Mr. Joseph Lyons (Caterer

THREE SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MEN WHO HAVE JOINED THE LONDON COUNTY ASSOCIATION OF THE TERRITORIAL ARMY

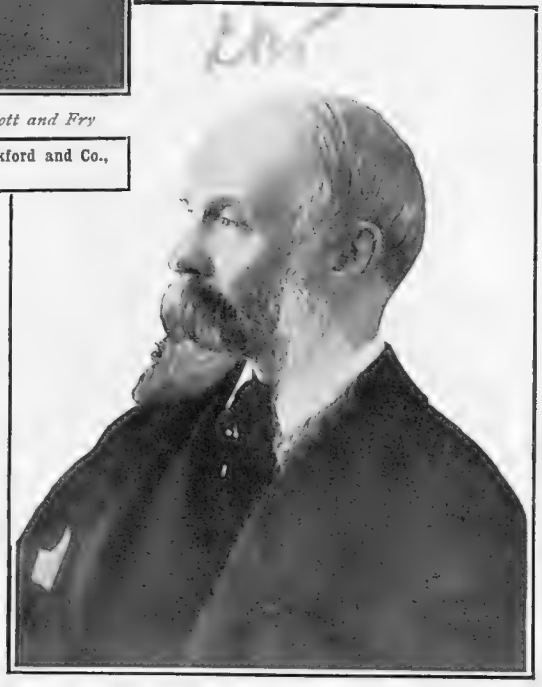
Russell Mr. John Barker (Draper, etc., Kensington)

The photographs on this page suggest a paradox of the times. While, in the cases of the first three gentlemen, we have successful business men—a caterer, a draper, and a carrier—devoting their attention to the art of war, in those of the remaining two, we have a noble landlord and soldier and a famous medical man entering the sphere of business. Evidently the old proverb that a cobbler should stick to his last is no longer one of the "secrets of success"

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. J. W. Baxendale (of Pickford and Co., Carriers)

The Earl of Arran (Soldier, Landlord, and Politician)



Sir James Crichton-Browne (Famous Mental Specialist)

Who have both joined the Board of Bovril, Ltd., the Earl of Arran as Managing Director

TWO WELL-KNOWN RECRUITS INTO THE SPHERE OF BUSINESS

Spring Brides—and a Bridegroom

Photo Barnett
Lady Beatrice Dalrymple (to marry Lord Montgomerie)

A Scottish Engagement

In the lover of Scottish history some romantic and historic memories are awakened by the announcement of the engagement of Lord Montgomerie, eldest son of the Earl of Eglinton, and Lady Beatrice Dalrymple, daughter of the Earl of Stair. The Montgomeries and Dalrymples have been famous for centuries in Northern annals. The lands of Eglinton in Ayrshire came into the possession of the prospective bridegroom's family by the marriage of a Sir John Montgomerie with a niece of Robert II. of Scotland. At the battle of Otterburn, in 1388, this same Sir John, with his own hand, captured the English leader, Earl Percy, nicknamed Hotspur. With the money obtained for Hotspur's ransom he built his castle, and it was in the grounds of this very castle that, nearly a hundred years ago, the thirteenth Earl of Eglinton organised the famous Eglinton Tournament, and, incidentally, nearly ruined himself, and very much crippled his descendants. Since Lady Beatrice Dalrymple came out two years ago she has gone out entirely under the auspices of her young sister-in-law, Viscountess Dalrymple, only daughter of that well-known hunting, racing, and general favourite, the ex-Guardsman, Colonel "Lummy" Harford.

Photo A. Hughes
Lady Ruby Elliot (to marry Viscount Errington)

* * *

Some Weddings

Saturday week, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, is fixed for the marriage of Lord Errington, son and heir of Lord Cromer, and Lady Ruby Elliot, second daughter of Lord and Lady Minto, and niece of Earl Grey; and the first week in June will see the wedding of Lord Frederick Blackwood, D.S.O., to Miss Brenda Wodehouse, the popular daughter of Colonel Wodehouse, who, owing to his wife's delicate health, has himself played chaperon to his pretty daughter. Lord "Freddie," who is in the 9th Lancers, is quite unfashionably keen on his military duties. He is also that *rara avis* in the Society of to-day, a good and enthusiastic dancer. The announcement of his engagement, therefore, has been received with mitigated joy by London ball-hostesses. The eligible bachelor who will dance is a rare and valuable bird. The species is so very nearly extinct, for few of the younger generation dance, and about the married "dancing man" there are, somehow or other, no "thrills." April 2 is the date assigned for the marriage of Lord Alfred Browne, youngest son of the Marquis of Sligo, and Miss Cicely Wormald.

* * *

"A Splendid Pauper"

The Earl of Arran, having distinguished himself as an officer of the Horse Guards (Blue), is now a member of that equally distinguished company—the absentee Irish landlords. He is a member of the Liberal League, but Castle Gore, Co. Mayo, is shut up, and, spite of the fact that he owns 37,000 acres in Donegal and Mayo, his rent-roll is of infinitesimal dimensions. Unlike other distressed landlords, however, Lord Arran did not go to America for a moneyed wife. He went instead to Holland, where he married the fair and blue-eyed daughter and heiress of Baron de Kattendyke of the Hague. Until recently, the Earl and Countess spent much of their time yachting in various waters in their little yawl, the *Royal*, but last autumn Lord Arran took Hyde Hall, Lady Roden's charming old Hertfordshire house, which has for many years past been occupied by the family of the late Mr. T. J. Mann, of brewing fame, and they now reside there altogether. Lord Arran, who dabbles in the literary arts, and has contributed to such pole-separated publications as *Punch* and the *Nineteenth Century*, has gone into business as Managing Director of the Bovril Company, with Sir James Crichton-Browne as a colleague.

Photo Elliott and Fry
Viscount Errington (to marry Lady Ruby Elliot)

Photo Beresford
Miss Brenda Wodehouse (to marry Lord Frederick Blackwood)

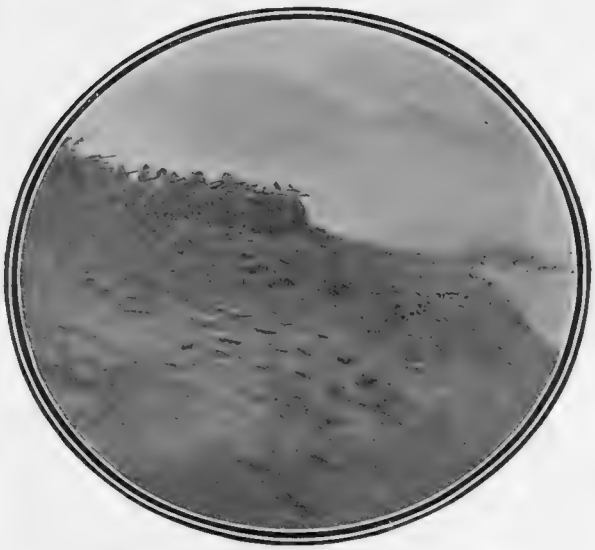
Our "Week-End War"

INCIDENTS IN THE LATE ZAKKA KHEL CAMPAIGN

A Corner of the Sepoys' Quarters in Camp

A Picket Engaged

A Field Hospital on the March



An Awkward Corner: Fixed Bayonets Over the Earthworks

A Group of Afridi Hillmen

Short but sharp was the lesson taught the Zakka Khels by the punitive expedition of 10,000 men sent against them under General Sir James Willcocks. Within a few days the hillsmen were driven from all their chief strongholds, with few casualties to our men. After a little desultory guerilla warfare, the Afridis came to terms on February 29, fourteen days after the start of the expedition from Peshawar, surely quite a record in the annals of war. The swiftness of the attack and the preparedness of the authorities are a practical demonstration of the efficacy of Lord Kitchener's *régime* in India

THE PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Valli Valli

Who, with Sybil Arundale, Farren Soutar, and Arthur Playfair, is a recruit to the music hall, and they are now all appearing in the Empire Revue, *Oh, Indeed!* Miss Valli has been appearing with great success in the recent Lyceum productions, including *The Christian*

LYCEUM THEATRE

"Romeo and Juliet"

The effect of Messrs. Smith and Carpenter's production of *Romeo and Juliet* upon a mighty audience that packed floor to ceiling was electrical. It made them stamp and cheer and whistle and laugh and "chi-yike" as though the immortal lovers had been born again into a modern melodrama.

I am convinced that at least a third of this wonderful audience had never seen *Romeo and Juliet* before. That they were attracted to the spectacle because Messrs. Smith and Carpenter had acquired among them the reputation of "putting up a good show." That this section of the audience, furthermore, stifled an uncomfortable doubt that sprang up in their minds concerning the amusement that was coming to them. Finally, I am convinced that they were agreeably surprised to find that the tragedy, so far from being rather slow, was full of grip; that it inspired not so much polite reverence as hardly controlled excitement. What aroused this pitch of feeling? Neither "built-up" scenery, nor costumes designed by an Academician, nor players with a world-wide reputation. Other managers have played these cards with varying success. Messrs. Smith and Carpenter staked and won upon Action—with a large A. Accustomed to put "ginger" into their productions of melodrama they have found the same seasoning palatable to the audiences whose taste they know so well. "Snap" is the dominant note of the latest Shakespearean revival. The play went with such "go" that it set the audience eagerly discussing the "plot" between the acts—(I overheard them)—and sent them home secretly marvelling that Shakespeare could be so exciting.

There is action in the play from the very commencement. The curtain rises upon a Public Place in Verona. I have known "Public Places" upon the stage about as lively as the same area cut out of the Great Sahara Desert. It would be a relief to the dulness of these scenes if one of the characters tripped over his sword. Not so the "Public Place" conceived by the new producers of Shakespeare. One look is sufficient to convince the beholder that he is to be plunged into stirring times. There is life and movement in the streets. They are patrolled by bands of the rival factions, and when Montague meets Capulet there are mutual recriminations and blows. The whole street is alive—even down to the children who dodge in among the brawlers with daring that gives them delicious thrills.

Excellent Business

So, too, there are masks upon the stage which the guests attend as they would the funeral of their dearest friends. Not so the mask at Capulet's house. Does the fun flag for a moment, then the host pricks the guests to fresh outbursts of merriment. Take another case where action is cleverly sustained. Romeo's first meeting with Juliet is made (as it should be) a mere passing incident in an evening in which the clash of the sexes has produced its crop of emotions—heartburnings for some, triumphs and exultations for others. They meet, and at once the currents of their lives rush together. But their meeting is not the signal for the rest of the guests to break off their own affairs and stand around. On goes the action and the dance. Laughing the guests have arrived, laughing they depart. Romeo gives his companions, Mercutio and Benvolio, the slip. They hunt for him high and low. Romeo! The air resounds with their calls. At last they give up the chase. When they are safely away, Romeo climbs the wall of Capulet's garden. The curtain descends upon an excellent bit of "business."

Life, Colour, and Movement

Thus have these latest producers seized upon every available opportunity in the text for life, colour, and movement. Why, the fight in which Mercutio and Tybalt receive their death hurts would quicken the blood of the most lethargic audience. Up and down the stage rage the combatants with "business" betokened in every gleam of the eye and turn of the skilful wrists. Blow and parry, blow and parry, between Tybalt and Mercutio. Even deadlier strife between the victor of the first combat and the avenging Romeo.

Small wonder, after such bouts as these, that Mr. Halliwell Hobbes, who plays the raging Tybalt, when alive, cannot restrain his heaving chest so as to give a presentment of Tybalt lying dead!

SKETCHED AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW.

And so through the play there is action that keeps the audience astir, that moves them to outbreaks of applause, and makes their appetite for curtain calls grow with what it feeds upon.

The acting is in keeping with the production. It makes up in vigour and forcibility what it lacks in poetic feeling. Mr. Matheson Lang, alone, is equally good on the mental as well as the physical side. He is a lover as near the ideal as we can expect in these days of a mediocre standard of excellence in acting. And he declaimed both correctly and with charm. Miss Nora Kerin, in my judgment, has been too unkindly dealt with by the critics. It is true that a slight film of self-consciousness just dulled the bright surface of her performance. But at times she handled the difficulties of the character and brought out the beauty of the verse with rare skill. She was especially good in the scene with the Nurse, when she is all a-fire to learn of Romeo's arrival. Then, too, her restraint of manner was a welcome contrast to the vigour of her companions. As for Montague and Capulet, never before has it been my privilege to see such passionate old men. Mr. Eric Mayne (Mercutio), Mr. Lauderdale Maitland (Benvolio), Miss Blanche Stanley (Nurse), are all quite good. Mr. Frederick Ross gave a pretentious performance of the Friar, but failed to strike the sacerdotal note. He should learn, too, that priests do not give a blessing with their left hands.

Photo *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

Mr. Marsh Allen

Now playing the part of Frank Morris in *Her Father* at the Haymarket Theatre

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Alexandra Carlisle

Playing Portia in Mr. Tree's forthcoming production of *The Merchant of Venice* at His Majesty's. Miss Carlisle came into sudden prominence, it will be remembered, in *Mr. Sheridan* just a year ago, and it is said that up to a few months before appearing in this piece she worked as a typist in the City

PALACE THEATRE

Dismal as is the story to date of theatrical ventures in 1908, there have been compensations. London is enjoying a good run of "sensations." Barely have the Sicilians left us when Miss Maud Allan appears to set all voices singing her praises. The Palace is literally packed these evenings, and small wonder, for the dear cold maiden of the classical frieze whom we have loved so long has come to life. She is Maud Allan, and she tells us the continuous story, which, before, we had to piece together, from her dainty poses. Miss Allan, I understand, learned her art from clay-modelling. It must have been a delightfu shock to her when she discovered that she was the actual girl she was striving to copy.

There are other good things at the Palace. Alfred Lester, that great comedian, is funny beyond the power of words to describe as the pessimistic waiter in a cheap restaurant. He is an artist who studies from the living model. There is an undercurrent of pathos in his acting which stamps him as the possessor of the true spirit of comedy.

E. C. S.

THE HIPPODROME

Hagedorn's Floral Fairy Lake, now at the Hippodrome, is a pretty water extravaganza, in which a charming effect is obtained by means of hundreds of coloured electric lights shining amid a multitude of fountains. Tom Edwards, the clever ventriloquist, who has been at the Hippodrome quite a long time now, has varied his performance somewhat. He gives a most comical performance of a young husband left at home with the children while his wife is away at the House of Commons. Some important newcomers are Talberto and Douglas, in an equestrian act, and The Mervills, trick cyclists.

PAVILION

Never do I remember to have seen a better show than that provided at present at this hall. From start to finish it is full of interest. The Sisters Pine, who are placed rather too early in the bill, play an extremely amusing little sketch, which they wind up with a clever imitation of opera singing. Mr. Tom Clare is, in my opinion, one of the most refreshing comedians at the halls. Perhaps it is because he does not rely upon a red nose and a pair of baggy trousers for his "comic" effect, but just sits at a piano in ordinary evening dress, playing his own accompaniments. He scores all along the line with his "A Recipe for Musical Comedy." Arturo Bernardi, the marvellous quick-change artist, is still in the bill. The Brothers Horne are back here in their boxing act. Miss Doris Dean is a clever mimic. Miss Kitty Gordon sings from her repertoire, while Mr. H. A. Lytton and Miss Shelley are still to be seen in the musical duologue "The Amateur Raffles."

R. M.

THE GREAT IRISH CONSPIRACY

NO. II.—THE UNITED IRISH LEAGUE AND ITS METHODS

The symbol of Irish "tranquillity." A member of the Royal Irish Constabulary

We published last week the first of a series of articles, the purpose of which is to lay before the public the true state of affairs in Ireland, and to show how a vast and well-organised conspiracy is working for the complete destruction, not only of British rule, but of all recognised authority in that country, and for the establishment of a state of Socialism. Our article last week was concerned with some of the chief personalities of the movement; this week we deal with the most prominent of its many organisations —the United Irish League

TYRANNY OF THE LEAGUE

Like the old Land League, the United Irish League has the most complete and far-reaching influence, based primarily upon compulsion. Every town, every village, every district is covered by the network of its organisation. The inhabitants of each neighbourhood are compelled to join the League, under pain of being black-listed and boycotted. In these black-lists the names are published, not only of those who fail to subscribe to the funds of the League, but of any who deal with boycotted persons or in any other way cross the path of the League. These lists are sometimes published in the Press, sometimes posted on the gates of the churches! Boycotting receives strong support from Members of Parliament, such as Mr. Conor O'Kelly, M.P., and has the hearty co-operation of the priests, who even post the black-lists upon the gates of their churches. In one case a priest actually appended to the list the scriptural quotation, "He that is not with me is against me." Loyalty is considered a disqualification, and an Alderman who took part in welcoming King Edward to Londonderry was refused admission to the local branch. The League holds regular courts and trials—indeed, in many districts League law is the only one that obtains, and the law of the land is a dead letter. If any of the wretched terrorised peasantry transgresses the League law, he is summoned before its tyrannical tribunal, and has to plead and call witnesses to prove his innocence if he can. The penalties are various. One man named Corcoran, who failed to give the Loughrea branch a satisfactory reason for having bought a farm without their leave, was subsequently shot by the Secretary. The power which the League has established by such means enables it not only to expel non-Leaguers from farms and, with the help of the Congested Districts Board, to substitute its own nominees, but largely to control the elections to the various local councils and to dictate their policy. We find the chairman of the Sligo Rural District Council, for instance, saying that "this and every other body in the country must and should be dictated to by the different branches of the United Irish League. If a member did not satisfy their opinion, he must get out."

A GREAT LAND-GRAB

The aims of the League are primarily and avowedly agrarian. Its plan, in the execution of which it is obtaining so large a measure of success, is to get hold of all the land in Ireland for almost nothing, or far below its value. By lawless methods it is rapidly advancing towards this consummation, which will be attended by the establishment of a condition of the most uncompromising Socialism. It need not be supposed that the League only concerns itself with getting rid of unpopular or absentee landlords; on the contrary, irrespective of politics or creed, a residential landowner, qua landowner, is treated as an enemy, even if he is personally popular, so long as he desires to retain his property. To give one example: Mr. P. Greville-Nugent, of Clonyn Castle, Delvin, who has lived for thirty years in Ireland, and has always been on the best of terms with his tenants, has been subjected to outrage and menace simply because he let his demesne land on the eleven months' system.

AN INFAMOUS HERITAGE

What then is this League which wields so widespread a power and exerts it so relentlessly for the subversion of all law and order in Ireland? The United Irish League, as we indicated, is the successor of the old Land League of the 'eighties, and is conducted on just the same lines and with the same methods as that older organisation of infamous memory. The Land League was suppressed and was followed by the National League, which came to an end partly through division in the Irish Party and partly through the vigorous rule of Mr. Balfour, then Chief Secretary. In 1897, when Ireland seemed to be on the threshold of a better era, Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., then one of the leaders in the anti-English campaign, inaugurated the United Irish League, to carry on the traditions of the Land League, of which he had been the hero. It is an instance of the irony of Fate, which incidentally throws a lurid light on the real aims of the Great Irish Conspiracy, that Mr. O'Brien is now completely thrown on one side and ostracised by his old colleagues, simply because he urged that a fair chance should be given for the testing of the Land Purchase Act brought forward by Mr. Wyndham.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE LEAGUE

The League is, of course, directly in touch with the Parliamentary Party. Mr. J. Redmond, M.P., the leader of the Party, is also President of the League, and Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., the most powerful politician in Ireland, is its organising Secretary. But together with the political agitator, there is another very important class involved in all the multifarious and sinister activities of the League—the priesthood. On the power of the political priest we have already touched, and we shall deal further with the subject in a future article. It is sufficient to say at the moment that the clergy take the fullest share in the doings of the League, that they act as chairmen at a majority of its district meetings, and turn up in great force at all its leading assemblies. A large number of magistrates are also Leaguers, while the gombeen men, or big credit shopkeepers, form another influential section. The rank and file, who constitute, of course, the majority of the membership, consist of small shopkeepers, farmers, and labourers. The League has an extensive and flourishing branch in America, which supplies a large proportion of the funds, and advocates an extremist policy of dynamite and murder. It has also branches all over Great Britain, and even in Jersey.

THE MACHINERY IN MOTION

The tactics of the League for the attainment of their designs are those of violence to property and the person, and its chief weapons are boycotting, cattle-driving and cattle-maiming, rick-burning, moon-lighting, and attempts at murder. It is an almost every-day occurrence for a League meeting to be held near a farm, for the purpose of terrorising the tenant into giving up possession in favour of some idle ne'er-do-well nominee of the League. Intimidation and boycotting are first tried, and if these methods fail, recourse is had to moonlighting expeditions, or some other form of violence.

THE BANE OF THE BOYCOTT

The baneful terror of boycotting is in itself enough to reduce any ordinary man to submission. The victim can buy no food or necessaries of any kind, no one will work for him, no one will speak to him. In a case in Co. Clare, in which the man's offence against the League was that of buying a farm which had previously been let under the eleven months' system for grazing, the boycott extended to a radius of fourteen or fifteen miles round his home, in all which region he was treated as a pariah, no one daring to have any dealings with him. Transgression of a boycotting edict is a serious matter, and in the Nationalist papers one may read frequently of men hauled before League Committees, and forced to grovelling apologies for inadvertently talking or supplying goods to a boycotted person. Here is a specimen apology, delivered before the Ballinafad, Co. Sligo, branch of the League by one Michael Gilligan for talking to a boycotted person:—"I hereby apologise to the Ballinafad Branch, U.I.L., for having in the past opposed its ruling, and promise for the future to be a faithful member, and not to identify myself with any objectionable, no matter where they may hail from." The Ormond Hunt was recently obliged to stop because it refused to exclude two boycotted members. The Hunt was assailed by a ruffianly crowd, and lady riders actually beaten with sticks. As a result of this cowardly outrage, eighteen members of the United Irish League were brought up at the January Quarter Sessions at Birr and heavily fined.

BRUTALITY TO THE DEAD

So bitterly is this war waged that even after death their brutal system of ostracism continues. When a boycotted woman died near Enniskillen, no undertaker would bury her, and her son had to take her to the grave in a donkey cart. In Newpallas, Co. Limerick, when the son of a boycotted man named Lane died, the local band played, and when Lane after some difficulty managed to purchase a coffin, he was jeered at as he came home with it. Thefts and assaults on boycotted persons are frequent. In a case at Athenry Sessions four men were had up for stabbing a man who herded a boycotted farm. He was badly wounded while returning home along the public road one evening, and kicked while lying bleeding on the ground. The burning of hay, cottages, and other property of persons who have offended the League is a common practice. We may instance two

typical cases from the January Quarter Sessions for Co. Limerick. In one, Mr. C. J. Bentley, of Ballyvourneen, Cahirconlish, was awarded £900 damages for the malicious burning of hay and a barn. In the other, Mr. G. Keyes, of Coolgreen, Dromkeen, was awarded £100 for a similar outrage. And these are only two cases among scores.

CATTLE-DRIVING PROCEEDS MERRILY

The Cattle-Driver-in-Chief, Mr. Ginnell, M.P., is in prison, and Cardinal Logue has given orders for cattle-driving to stop for the present, in order that the Catholic University scheme may go through. But such a sudden countermand of previous instructions is difficult to enforce, for how can an ignorant Irish peasant be expected to understand the subtleties that govern the ethics of his leaders? For a long time he was exhorted from the pulpits of his parish churches to drive cattle, though, in justice be it said, some priests opposed this method of senseless revenge on those who were trying to turn the rich green lands of Ireland to some use. But the majority of the clergy, in their Socialistic propaganda, made it clear that cattle-driving was a virtue and a worthy effort. Now how can the peasant learn the reverse? Cattle-driving cannot be right one day and wrong the next. Thus driving (not unconnected with horrible cruelty towards defenceless animals) still proceeds apace, though reports are fewer, as the Nationalist papers have been instructed not to give publicity to such occurrences. The official returns record 34 additional cases reported to the police in January alone, and many are not reported, as the victims dare not take this step. Instances of this branch of the land war of the League continue to be numerous, and less than a fortnight ago there took place, at Carracastle, Co. Mayo, what is stated to be one of the largest cattle-drives on record in the West of Ireland. And last week, on St. Patrick's Day, a great procession of many thousands of men carrying hazel-sticks (the weapon of the cattle-driver) took place, also a public meeting in Longford—which hardly accords with the idea of the practice having fallen into any kind of disfavour.

COERCING THE GOVERNMENT

"Lay by the hazel-stick for a while," said Mr. Stephen Gwynn, M.P., to an audience of Leaguers at the end of December, "but don't burn it—keep it by you." Mr. Denis Kilbride, M.P., speaking at Cullenagh, Queen's County, on January 19, advised his hearers to "wait for a while to see what the Government were going to do in the way of a Land Bill." They should keep the hazels seasoning, "and let the Government understand that, while they were prepared for the present to lie low, to give them a chance of doing something this Session, they would not stand any more disappointments." Cattle-driving charges were plentiful at the last sessions, as well as cases of cattle-maiming, which showed the most horrible and dastardly cruelty. Some of the cattle were houghed, others had their tails severed, and in some cases the teats of cows were cut off. King's County has an unenviable notoriety for cattle-maiming, and in four cases at Birr Sessions some £50 compensation was awarded. One compares this in amazement with the sentence inflicted for the similar Great Wyrley outrages in England.

WAR ON THE GRAZIER

The Judge, in speaking of these cases as "due to the anti-grazing movement" (described by another judge as a "widespread and audacious conspiracy against property"), touched upon an important element in the land war, and the mainspring of these cowardly attacks upon animals. Those who work the grass farms are the most prosperous, and generally among the most loyal, of the Irish farmers, and, therefore, attract the special envy and hatred of the agitators of the League. The League's game is to force the graziers to give up their holdings, trusting to the Estates Commissioners subsequently selling the untenanted lands to members of the League. Nor does the Government take steps to check such a policy by the obvious method of ordering the Commissioners to sell no land which has fallen vacant through intimidation. Appealed to in the House of Commons on this subject, Mr. Birrell says, "it is the duty of the people in Ireland to protect their own property"! Apart from the other losses inflicted by this war on property, the question of expense to the taxpayers is no mean consideration. The amount of compensation which has to be levied from the districts grows more and more formidable. At the January Sessions in Co. Meath alone a record number of claims, totalling over £4,000, was lodged before the Judge.

ATTEMPTS AT MURDER

The most serious outcome of the campaign of disorder organised by the League—shooting outrages and attempts at murder—increased heavily during the course of the past year. Perhaps the most striking case of this kind, and the one with the most eloquently appalling accompaniments, was the attack upon Mr. Blake White, of Hollypark, a tenant of Lord Ardilaun. Mr. Blake White held a grass farm, which the League called upon him to give up, but he did not come to terms. He was leaving Mass at the parish chapel at Killconieran with his aged mother one Sunday, when shots were fired at him. Both were struck and fell, Mr. Blake White being wounded in the head and hip. The men of the congregation, who were about twenty yards behind at the time, rushed forward, cheering the assailants, and hooting and jeering at the injured people, to whom they offered not the slightest assistance. They purposely misdirected the police as to the direction taken by the assailants, and, though a diligent search was made, no one was arrested.

SHOOTING OUTRAGES

Early in January of this year three very serious outrages took place within a couple of days. Mr. O'Loughlin, an hotel proprietor at Lisdoonvarna, Co. Clare, was driving to the station on his way to vote for a returning officer at the Clare County Council meeting at Ennis, when he was held up by four men, one of whom fired point blank at him and shot him near the heart. The object of the attack was apparently to prevent him recording his vote. On Lord Gough's estate in Galway a party cutting down timber on the farm of one Connolly were fired at by a body of some twenty armed men. Two were wounded, though not seriously. On the same day at Ballinard, in Tipperary, a bomb was exploded at the hall door of Mrs. Cooper-Chadwick, a landowner who has recently evicted a tenant. On the 8th of last month a shooting outrage took place in the Woodford district of Galway, at the house of a man named Collins, who is employed on some evicted farms, and has consequently been boycotted by the League. Several gunshots were fired at night through his window, and Mrs. Collins was shot, receiving numerous wounds in the face.

THE LEAGUE AS CRIME-INCITER

These are only a few, a very few, instances from the lengthy record of outrages directly connected with the infamous reign of terror exercised by the League. "Do those outrages follow meetings of the United Irish League?" asked the Judge at Naas Quarter Sessions. "Invariably they do," replied the police-sergeant who was giving evidence. At a League meeting at Kilchreest, Mr. Michael Reddy, M.P., in a violent cattle-driving speech, said, "let them tackle Persse and he must go," and Mr. P. J. Kelly (then a magistrate, since removed from the Commission) said, "they should sweep away Persse's stock." A week later there was a cattle-drive on a farm at Woodville, near Kilchreest, belonging to Mr. H. Persse. Mr. Reddy, M.P. (once more), and Mr. J. Roche, M.P., made inflammatory speeches at a League meeting at Colmanstown, near Athenry, naming certain persons in the district who had not complied with the rules of the League. The same night some property of Mr. Herbert Parker, whose land adjoins Colmanstown, was burnt down. At a League meeting at Kilmore, Co. Roscommon, strong language was used about Mr. Sam Russell, who held a farm in the neighbourhood. A week later a mob assembled near Mr. Russell's house, stoned him on his way to church, and engaged in a conflict with the police. A few days afterwards Mr. Russell gave up his farm.

SIGNIFICANT FIGURES

In the course of last year there was a marked and serious increase of outrages, which may, perhaps, be traced to two main causes—the repeal of the Crimes Act a year ago and the campaign of agitation conducted in Ireland at the close of last summer's Session by Mr. J. Redmond and other Nationalist Members of Parliament. Mr. Birrell's own official figures, which he supplied to the House of Commons in reply to questions, bear eloquent testimony to the real state of affairs. These returns, which record, of course, only cases actually reported to the police, were issued at various dates between January 31 and February 5 of this year. They are as follows:—

CATTLE-DRIVING	
Cases during 1907	281
Convictions	1
Cases to January 31, 1908	415
Convictions	5
Cases since June 30, 1907	334
AGRARIAN OUTRAGES	
Cases during 1907	372
Convictions	5
SHOOTING OR BOMB OUTRAGES	
Cases during 1907	121
Convictions	12
INTIMIDATION	
Cases during 1907	333
Convictions	2
BOYCOTTING	
Cases during 1907	125

The returns for 1907, it will be observed, show a total of 1,207 cases (excluding those of boycotting), and only twenty convictions! The difficulty of getting either magistrates or juries to convict in such cases under the rule of the League is, indeed, obvious. Another very remarkable feature of these figures is the large proportion of the cattle-driving outrages which took place after June 30 of last year. Speaking in the House of Commons last Session on the Evicted Tenants' Bill, Mr. Redmond, the leader of the Nationalist Party, and President of the United Irish League, said that the Bill would never have been altered by the Lords if there had been "a strong and menacing agitation" on foot in Ireland at the time. He added that "the moral for Ireland is that if she wants to get land legislation next Session"—*i.e.* the present—"she must adopt these tactics." Having announced that he was going back to Ireland "to set the heather on fire," Mr. Redmond shortly departed to make good his words. Several Nationalist M.P.'s went travelling about Ireland, inflaming the people by their violent speeches at League meetings, and all the machinery of the League was put in motion. The result was a rapidly increased crop of outrage.

Next week's Article on "The Great Irish Conspiracy" will deal with the Congested Districts Board

"Joie de Vivre"

A STUDY IN A MEAN STREET

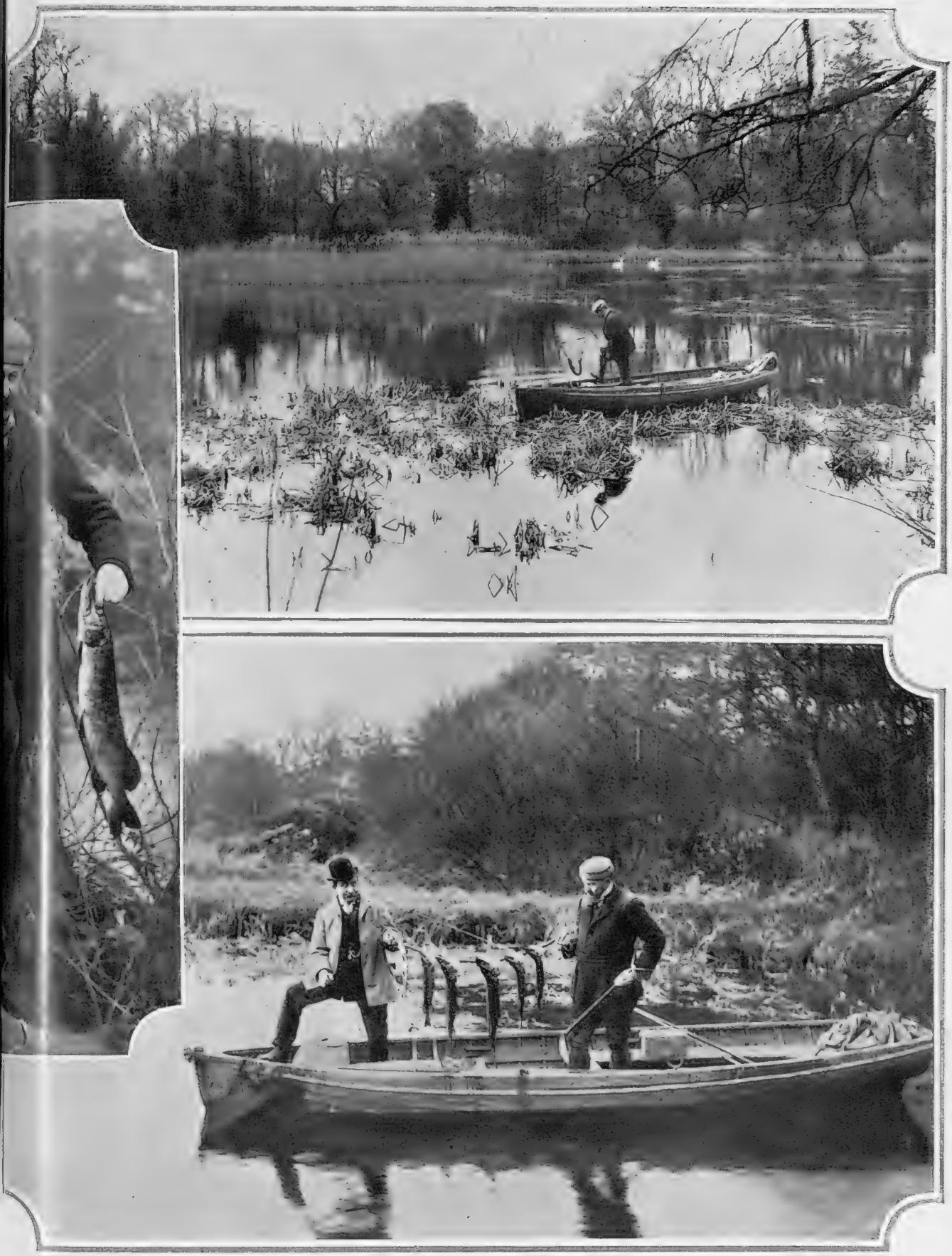
BY SPENSER PRYSE

Pike Fishing on the Norfolk

Photos

Good at most times, pike fishing is particularly enjoyable and successful on the Norfolk Broads and Lakes in the month of March, when pike are at their best. The ideal weather for this sport is when there is a westerly wind, cloud and occasional bursts of sunshine. The fishing in the lakes adjoining the Broads is strictly preserved, and consequently is generally good. Live bait is chiefly used in the Lakes, [illegible] coloured with red, is very killing [illegible] Sir Savile Crossley's water near [illegible] taken; (2) Landing a pike in a [illegible] (3) Mr. Nicholas Everitt, an enth[illegible]

Broads: A March Day's Sport



Leonard Willoughby

gh on the Broads spoon bait, slightly
he photographs are: (1) A scene on
rleyton, where all these pictures were
turesque corner of a Norfolk lake;
stic sportsman, a good shot, and a keen angler, who is the active promoter of the Game Guild, a subject fully dealt with in our "Field, Stream, and Covert" article; he is also a clever lawyer, and the author of several books on sporting subjects; (4) Gaffing a 12lb. pike; and (5) the result of an hour's sport at Somerleyton. Mr. Everitt is standing on the right.

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES.—NO. 122

A LOCKED DOOR

BY JOHN DORY

LINDSAY is the cleverest man I know, but, like most of us, he has a weak spot. Now, Lindsay's weak spot is really a virtue. Unfortunately, virtue uncontrolled becomes dangerous, and Lindsay, in spite of my warnings, in spite, too, of several tentative lessons, stubbornly refused to keep a check upon this particular virtue of his. Hence my tale.

When first I met him he had lately been called to the Bar. He was able, brilliant, popular. No man could state bare arguments with such convincing boldness, no man could transform them by a more human, a more dramatic appeal into such glittering truths. He combined in a rare degree the faculties of logic and of imagination. Life lay before him, the ball of success at his feet. But——

There is in the lives and characters of most of us a "but." I caught a glimpse of Lindsay's when, one evening, at an At Home given by Lady Genester, he said good-night to little Milly Ledoux. Now, Milly is a very charming person. Nobody knows it better than I do; but half her charm lies in her appealing eyes, in that voice of velvet in which—oh, yes, she has often, for want of a better listener, related them to me—she reveals to her particular friends the veiled and lonely troubles of a pampered life. I could see from the look in those eyes of hers that she had been revealing them to Lindsay. As a matter of fact, later on, in my rooms, over a whisky and soda, he expressed his sorrow that so sweet a woman should remain unappreciated and unloved.

"Have you known her long?" he asked, selecting a cigar.

I settled comfortably into my chair.

"Since she was a child of fifteen—a 'flapper' don't you call it?"

He nodded.

"And how came she to marry that ruffian Ledoux? What were her people about to let her do it?"

That ruffian Ledoux! Really, Milly was inimitable. It would be a shame to spoil her sport. I shrugged my shoulders.

"Oh!" said I, carelessly, "she fell in love with him . . . Poor child!" The "poor child" was a postscript, added on the impulse of a glance at Lindsay's impressively serious face.

I was entertained. Here was a new vein of my friend's many-sided character, one that interested me immensely. So far as Millicent might be concerned, I saw no reason to enlighten him. She was in love with her husband—that "ruffian Ledoux"—and her sole reason for this masquerade of a spoiled life lay in an inordinate desire for sympathy and attention. Milly never flirted, she was too fond of Ledoux for that, but she insisted upon being the centre of attraction. I felt Robin Lindsay safe in her hands.

Presently I sighed; he looked up eagerly.

"One might be of service to such a woman," he said tentatively.

"One might," I answered. And Lindsay said good-night and went away thoughtfully.

He has been "of service" to Millicent ever since, and—for he is an exceptional man—to this day he hates Ledoux, and speaks of him as an autocrat and a bully. Lindsay has an immense reverence for Woman; a horror for any man, husband or lover, who is capable of taking advantage, whether brutally or subtly, of Her beautiful trust and natural dependence. Incidentally, he entertains also an immense belief in his own powers of "service."

In the succeeding years this view of the opposite sex involved my friend—for we became real and close friends—in many adventures, not a few of them attended by peril. More than once there fell upon him the shadow of the Divorce Court, though, when he was well over thirty, his feet had not yet led him within its august precincts. This was more by good luck than good management; for Lindsay, where he believed a woman's happiness concerned, was astoundingly reckless. I used, after vehement arguments over-night about some female who could manage very well without his sympathy—arguments utterly wasted, since his mind was made up—I used by way of a piquant contrast to go and listen to him while he conducted a case in Court. The man's logic was pitiless, his deductions absolute, his insight amazing. And yet! Well—it was all very interesting and amusing. The women (they were of all grades) whom he adored and sorrowed with were none the worse for his friendship, and, until Mrs. Lancaster crossed his path, neither was he. No one could come to harm with Lindsay; my fears were never for the woman of the moment, they were all for him. And, just as I began to fancy him immune, guarded by Providence itself, he met, as I say, Mrs. Lancaster.

It is a trite saying that only the unexpected arrives. Nevertheless, I make use of it because Mrs. Lancaster was unexpected, and because Mrs. Lancaster arrived. She was unexpected since, hitherto, Lindsay's sympathies, always at the disposal of anything feminine, had been aroused only by the most attractive of the sex. And she arrived—upon my soul, I often wonder how she did arrive; for Mrs. Lancaster was not young (she owned to thirty-three, so I gave her eight or ten years' seniority); she was not pretty; she was not appealing. She was just an ordinary middle-aged woman, smart, selfish, well-connected, and married to a genuine "brute." A brute of the cold, calculating type, soft-voiced, gentle in manner, and with a taste for infidelity only equalled by his capacity for escaping unscathed from the hardiest adventure.

Here was fuel for a pretty fire, but I reflected, with relief, that ten years' seniority and a plain face put Mrs. Lancaster out of the running. I reckoned without my friend. Also I reckoned without Mrs. Lancaster.

(*Continued on page 648*)

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A Fair Motorist

Photo *Bassano*

MISS VICTORIA GODWIN (MRS. GUEST) AND HER LITTLE GIRL

Miss Godwin is well known in motoring circles as an expert in all matters concerning the car. She is a skilful and fearless driver, and has driven thousands of miles on her 40 h.-p. Mercédès

(*Continued from page 646*)

When first I heard their names coupled I laughed indulgently; compared with some of Robin's "affinities" this appeared, on the face of it, transparently harmless. But when I could not drop in to Lindsay's rooms without finding Mrs. Lancaster ensconced in my favourite armchair, when I encountered them at Sandown, at the Carlton, at Prince's, always together and generally alone, I began to be alarmed. Lindsay had reached a high place in his profession; he bade fair to become a second Sir Frank Lockwood, combining that great advocate's dramatic instinct and humour with even perhaps a firmer grip of hard facts, a more complete mastery of cool argument. As I recall some of his speeches I marvel how any man so gifted—— But our amazing complexities who shall comprehend, save the God who made us?

Almost ten years after our first meeting, Lindsay put up for Parliament. His constituency was an old-fashioned one. There were things it would pardon; there were things it would not. And among the latter happened to be any tampering with another man's wife. It also happened that Lancaster owned a house in the neighbourhood. He was fond of sport, and he used to go down there for the fishing which he declared to be excellent.

Lindsay's election was at hand. The Government had been in for three years; therefore it was, as a matter of course, extremely unpopular. The swing of the pendulum fell due, and we all expected Lindsay to swing with it—to high places. Then one night I walked into his rooms and found him in a cold sweat of excitement.

"The very man I wanted to see," he said; "I'm obliged to leave town to-night. Will you take on some work for me, like a good fellow?"

I expressed myself at his service, and he gave me certain instructions easy enough to carry out. As he finished, the door opened, and Mrs. Lancaster walked in.

I suppose my eyebrows—I regret to say I have not complete control over my eyebrows—expressed surprise, for Lindsay strode round the table and drew the lady's hand through his arm. They faced me together.

"I had no idea it was so late," he said to Mrs. Lancaster; and to me, curtly: "A pity you happened to be here, but it's not your fault. I don't blame you."

"That is kind of you," I said mildly, and waited.

Lindsay opened the door of an inner room, his particular sanctum, and Mrs. Lancaster passed through. On the threshold she turned, with a side glance at me, lifting her lips to Lindsay's. He bent, and kissed her tenderly. Then he shut the door and came back to me.

"Well?" he said, a trifle wearily.

I sat down again. "Not well at all, Robin, old fellow. What does it mean? Tell me if you like. On the other hand——"

He interrupted swiftly. "I have told you. It was told in that kiss. I don't kiss a woman lightly."

Those eyebrows of mine give me trouble. I saw Robin's meet in a frown as he watched my face. "Not Violet Reid?" I said, "or Marion Ainslee? Not Beryl Adair, not even——"

"Listen to me," said Lindsay, "and stop that damned cynical way of talking. I always hate it in you, though you're a good fellow enough. You know as well as I do I've never cared for any woman except out of pity, or as a friend, but this one I may really help; she's worthy of all I can give her; she's miserably unhappy—married to a brute of a husband."

"All husbands are brutes," said I; "you are constantly telling me so."

I got up and strolled casually to the window. The key of Robin's den was on this side of the door. That was a bit of luck. He went on talking.

"And yesterday I got a desolate little note to say he had struck her—good God, man! struck that frail little thing—and she couldn't endure her life any longer. So now I mean to take her out of it, and she shall begin a new one. With me."

Robin was standing on the hearth-rug. His face was pale; his hands shook a little. I saw he was desperately in earnest. The question, to my mind, resolved itself into how much Mrs. Lancaster might be in earnest also. Lindsay was a poor man; everything depended upon his career, and careers, as we all know, are more easily marred than made. Lancaster had plenty of money; and if he were a bad lot, which I should be the last to deny, he knew how to be generous. It is odd how often meanness is the quality of quite blameless individuals. On the other hand, Robin was young, handsome, full of vitality, while Lancaster—well, Lancaster wasn't a pleasant person to look upon, and his wife was, after all, a woman. I had often wondered how many hearts my friend, in striving to patch, had irreparably broken. I left the window and stepped behind the table. In this position the door beyond which Mrs. Lancaster waited was behind me. During a moment's pause Robin turned to kick a log into place upon the hearth. I softly twisted the key in the lock, and dropped both hands into the pockets of my dinner jacket.

"Robin, my dear old man," said I, "you can't do this thing. Your career is at stake. Your constituency won't stand it. Possibly your practice won't stand it either. You have no fortune, you are dependent on what you earn."

"I can't help that," he said. "I tell you, the situation is impossible; I've given her my word, and I won't go back upon it."

"Your word?"

"To marry her the moment that man gets his divorce. Meantime, I shall take her abroad, stay with her a few days, and then come back quietly and pick up my work again. A week together will do the trick."

"It will indeed," said I reflectively. Here was a tough job to handle. I am not in the habit of meddling with my friends' affairs, but I felt certain, from my knowledge of Mrs. Lancaster, that Robin's sacrifice would be totally unappreciated. The lady was—let us call it—"thirty-three"; she had put up with Lancaster's brutality for a considerable number of years, and she thoroughly enjoyed the spending of Lancaster's money. This mad scheme of a flight with Lindsay was probably the result of passing anger and indignation, coupled with a blind fancy for Robin's handsome self and the pride a middle-aged woman of "thirty-three" pardonably feels in a public triumph over her juniors.

"I can't imagine Lancaster striking anyone, except figuratively," said I; "and are you sure Mrs. Lancaster really wants to bolt with you?"

(*Continued on page 650*)

The Belle of the Bow

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS GERTIE MILLAR AS FRANZI IN "A WALTZ DREAM" AT THE HICKS THEATRE

Whatever criticisms may be offered regarding "A Waltz Dream," the new Hicks production "presented by Charles Frohmann and George Edwardes," there is no question of Miss Gertie Millar's success as Franzi, the directress of the Ladies' Orchestra, with whom Lieut. Niki, Prince Consort, falls in love. The Hicks's gain, however, is the Gaiety's loss, for she is the most popular of Gaiety favourites, and her success in "The Girls of Gottenberg" is only a repetition of that already gained in "The Spring Chicken" and "The Orchid"

(*Continued from page 648*)

"She's there now, waiting," said Lindsay coldly; "I have her word for his cruelty."

I considered. The key to the situation lay in my pocket. I hadn't the slightest intention of allowing Robin to ruin his whole life for a woman who wasn't worth it. And I hoped, if I could but gain time, to convince him of his folly. But how to gain it? Quixotic people, in moments of exaltation, are beyond the gentle uses of argument.

I cleared my throat and began.

"My dear boy, don't you see what a wrong you are doing to this lady? Even if her husband divorces her——"

"He will," said Lindsay.

"Perhaps. Perhaps he will only separate from her and keep her on an extra small allowance." Was it my fancy, or did I hear a slight movement behind the door near which I was still standing? "He's the sort of beast who is capable of that. How will Mrs. Lancaster, accustomed to every luxury, endure it?"

Lindsay laughed impatiently.

"Money, money," he said; "how you prate of money!"

"And then," I went on, "you don't love her, you know."

Robin started. "It needs a lot of love to cover a distance of ten years." This time there could be no mistake; there was a movement behind the door. I hastened on, expecting an outbreak: "A lot of love, not on your side only, but on hers also. Think! What can you give a woman like that to compensate her for lost position, lost fortune, lost power? With your own position and income in jeopardy——"

Lindsay glanced at me contemptuously.

"Emily!" he called, aloud.

The handle turned. I watched that handle with a fascinated stare. Upon my word, I'd no idea what I was going to do next, but I thought it probable that Lindsay would eventually pitch me out of the window.

"I can't open it," came Mrs. Lancaster's voice from within.

Robin strode across the room. He twisted the handle strongly; then he shook the door. It was of solid oak; the lock was unusually strong.

"You've turned the key," he said.

"The key isn't here," replied the Voice.

"And it isn't here," said Lindsay. "It must have fallen out." He searched for it on the floor, and I watched him—watched him wrench again at the handle, set his shoulder against the stout panels; all in vain.

"For goodness sake break it open," cried the Voice petulantly. "Is that man gone? No? Then make him help you. Only be quick; we shall miss the train."

I helped obediently. It was really very funny. I did my best; I grew interested in the result. Still the door held. As we strained and tugged I wondered if Mrs. Lancaster really intended to catch that train. For my part I was determined she should not do so. I also heard, though Robin did not, footsteps upon the outer hall. By this time the issue lay on the knees of the gods; I recognised myself a blind instrument, no more. Suddenly, shrill and sharp, rang the Voice above the clamour of our attack. There's something devilish in a woman's instinct.

"Mr. Scarsdale! He has the key! Robin, take it from him."

Lindsay turned upon me.

"If you have——" he began furiously.

My exit by the window appeared imminent. I faced it with what I hope passed for manly resolution.

"Either Mrs. Lancaster leaves that room under my escort or she doesn't leave it at all," said I. "In which case I shall stop here all night, for I don't mean to let you make a fool of yourself and spoil your life for"—he glared at me—"for any woman."

Robin said nothing. What he would have done I am not sure; something extremely violent, no doubt. Only, at that precise moment, the other door opened, and Lancaster walked in.

"How are you?" he began. "I came for a chat about Gibbons *v.* Davidson," and with that the Voice, angry, querulous, wailed from behind the door:

"He has the key, Robin. I know it. We shall miss the train."

Lancaster set down his hat upon the table.

"Better let the lady out, Scarsdale," he said, tranquilly. "I'm sure she, as well as I, appreciates your good intentions."

He walked up to the locked door from which Robin and I fell back in a stupefied dismay. He rapped upon it smartly.

"Emily!" he called. There was a stir, a rustle; then silence: silence so complete that one felt enclosed within it, as though in a palpable cage.

"Emily!" said Lancaster again, oh! so softly, so gently. "Don't disturb yourself. There are plenty of trains to catch and plenty of time to catch them."

And with that he picked up his hat, nodded to the pair of us, and walked out of the room.

Half a second later Mrs. Lancaster, pallid under her artistic make-up and shaking with fear, walked into the room. She fell into a chair and burst out crying.

Robin tried to console her; she pushed him passionately from her. "Oh!" she gasped. "How I hate you! how I hate you! You fools! I never meant to leave him; do you think I—*I* can exist on a pittance?" She sprang to her feet. "Is he gone? Call a cab. I may get home before him."

She did not get home before him, but Lancaster knows his own business, and apparently he consented to overlook the matter. Probably his wife, who is now seldom seen in Society, alone estimates the price exacted. At any rate, her husband pursues the even tenour of his way, undisturbed by domestic jealousies or by any unnecessary supervisal.

And Robin was saved.

I wish I could say he is obliged to me. But I can't. He remains under the impression that Mrs. Lancaster would have gone forth with him that night into the wide world, a happier and a better woman, and that only my "damned foolery" (he used a stronger expression), as he politely describes a sincere desire for his welfare, prevented so happy a consummation. Robin, I regret to say, cuts me dead while Mrs. Lancaster takes away my character every time she hears my name mentioned. There remains to me a pleasant acquaintance with Lancaster himself, and the hope that Lindsay, when he ceases to play knight errant and settles down, may thank me for what I acknowledge to be an unjustifiable interference.

JOHN DORY.

Flat Racing Begins

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S LINCOLN MEETING

The Favourite for the Lincoln Handicap
Capt. G. R. Homfray's "Land League"

At the Starting Gate
Mr. A. Coventry begins a race

A Feature of the Lincoln Meeting
The Blankney huntsman and whips clearing the course

The Race for the Lincoln Handicap: The field passing the stands

The Favourite Outsider in the Handicap
Col. Fenwick's "Rockbourne"

Photos *Sport and General*

This week sees the opening of the flat racing season, with the Lincoln Spring Meeting. Steeplechasing has its devotees, but it lacks the fascination of racing on the flat, and the Lincolnshire, as the first of the season, is a most popular fixture with all sportsmen

A Practical Reform

I think that the suggestion recently made by Sir J. Gorell Barnes deserves the most careful attention of the authorities. He proposes that decent waiting-rooms should be provided for the accommodation of jurymen in waiting, where they may read or conduct their correspondence until either they are released or their turn comes to serve. The lot of the juryman is certainly a hard one. He may get a very long case, like one which is going on now, where a special jury were summoned on March 2, went into the box on March 5, and at the time of writing appear to have very little chance of getting away before Easter; but then he will, at any rate, have the satisfaction of feeling that he is doing good service to the State. A much more common experience is to be summoned on Monday morning, and to spend the time from ten to three for the next five days sitting on a hard wooden bench at the back of the Court without doing any good to anyone. If the suggested reform is carried out, he will, at any rate, be able to devote part of this time to useful purposes.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Sir J. Gorell Barnes

The President of the Divorce Court, who is agitating for a practical reform in favour of decent and adequate accommodation being provided for jurymen in waiting at the Courts

Overcrowded Courts

But this is really only part of a much larger question, viz., the utter inadequacy of the accommodation provided for everybody except the Judges. (But for a recent event I should also have excepted King's Counsel.) When the building in the Strand was designed, the idea was that the body of each Court and the long corridor were to be reserved for the Bar and for the solicitors, litigants, jurymen, and witnesses actually engaged, and a separate corridor and galleries above each Court were built for the use of the general public. As a matter of fact, the galleries are generally only occupied by a few people who seem to regard them as convenient resting-places, and the public crowds into the body of the Courts and to a great extent ousts their legitimate occupiers. This is equally hard on the newly fledged barrister and the witness. The latter often has to spend the day standing, and the former finds it very difficult to learn his profession in the best way, namely, by constant attendance in Court, and hearing cases conducted by the best practitioners.

An Unsavoury Corridor

The President of the Divorce Court is eminently the right man to take this question up. He and his predecessors have done their best to solve part of it by reserving the body of the Court for barristers and persons on business, but the implied invitation is not taken advantage of, for the average member of the junior Bar finds an hour or two of it as much as he can stand. Perhaps the juryman in waiting is supposed to have a stronger stomach. But, on the other hand, it is a standing rule of that Court that all witnesses shall wait outside in the corridor, and not come inside until they are actually called into the box. This is an excellent regulation in the interests of justice, for it is a great obstacle to concerted perjury, but it causes a main thoroughfare to be constantly blocked, on Divorce days by a throng of most disreputable persons of both sexes, and on Admiralty days by a nautical crowd bearing all the complexions—and all the smells—that are to be found between the North Cape, China, and Peru. By all means let there be waiting-rooms for both jurymen and witnesses, but there must be separate ones for Sir J. Gorell Barnes's Court, and these should be disinfected at least twice a week.

The Circuit Returns

I suppose it would be vain to hope that the recently published returns of the hours of work on Circuit during last year would finally stop the mouths of the opponents of the Circuit system, but they certainly ought to prevent all reasonable people from listening to their arguments. As I expected, it appears that the Judges worked a good many hundred more hours than they would if they had all stopped in London. Of course, the greater part of the gain is made in the great towns like Liverpool and Birmingham, and the small ones, and even one or two whole Circuits, show a loss. This must inevitably be the case until aeroplanes or motor roads bring Bodmin and Appleby as near London as Maidstone and Guildford are, but I cannot see why the Bodmin man should not have as good a right to justice as the Londoner.

By Field, Stream, and Covert

Photo *Muggeridge*

The Late Mr. Hugh Owen

This widely known sportsman was killed in the hunting field on the 12th inst. He was a prominent figure in the hunting and racing worlds

The Late Mr. Hugh Owen

In the first few weeks of the hunting season we had to mourn the loss of a great and widely known sportsman in Lord Chesham, and now, in the closing weeks, we have been shocked by the fatal accident under similar conditions to Hughie Owen, one of the best-hearted, liveliest, most popular fellows in the world. There was no racing man who did not know him; every follower of hounds in the Shires had seen him holding his own with the hardest riders with Pytchley and Fernie. For thirty seasons he had hunted from Melton and Market Harborough, so there were few fences in Leicestershire which he had not jumped. A brilliant rider and fearless, it was sad that he should have met his death over a ditch such as he and his horses would always take in their stride. It is a curious thing that all the worst hunting accidents occur at comparatively insignificant places, and when the rider is least prepared for them. The famous Marquis of Waterford was thrown on to his head and killed instantly in jumping a little bit of a fence into a road; Whyte-Melville was killed on the flat through his horse putting a foot in a rabbit-hole; and Captain "Bay" Middleton met with his end at a comparatively harmless fence in a point-to-point race.

Fox-hunting in the Isle of Wight

Two days a week the charms of fox-hunting may be enjoyed in the Isle of Wight, a smart pack of about thirty couples being kennelled near Newport. Since 1898 they have been under the able and popular Mastership of Colonel Howard Brooke, and the delightful island is so well provided with hunting material that it is quite a rarity for the hounds to have a blank day. There was a time, of course, when foxes were unknown on the Isle of Wight, and this was little more than sixty years ago. To be exact, foxes were first brought from the mainland in 1845, and they throve so well that the Hunt has been able to go on uninterruptedly since that date. One of its Masters in the 'sixties was a Mr. Dyson, of whom it was said that he "never had a shilling in his pocket, was never without a good horse, and rarely without a pack of hounds!" Among those much interested in the Hunt are Princess Henry of Battenberg, whose late husband frequently rode with the pack, and that good sportsman, Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice.

The Game Guild and Secret Commissions

Any scheme which has for its object the security and maintenance of the purity of sport deserves consideration and sympathy. The excellent work accomplished by the Game Guild has earned the gratitude of game-owners and shooting people generally, and a scheme now on foot for enlarging the scope of that institution promises to prove of further value to all whose business is connected with the supplying and shooting of winged game. Briefly, the proposal is that the

Photo] **The New Master of the Atherstone: The Earl of Huntingdon** [*Topical Agency*

Ex-Master of the Ormond and North Staffordshire Hunts, he has been appointed to the Mastership of the Atherstone, in succession to Mr. J. C. Munro

game food dealers and manufacturers shall combine and form a Trade Associateship with the primary object of putting down the pernicious system of secret commissions. These little "douceurs" are, of course, illegal under the recent Act, but there is reason to believe that the law is winked at in many cases. It is the owner who has to pay in the long run, and that at least ought to make him interested in the present scheme.

The Guild's Object

Every firm joining the Game Guild as an Associate would have to undertake that they would give no backsheesh to keepers without the employers' knowledge. They would form their own committee and manage their own affairs, but at the back of them would be the machinery and organisation of the Game Guild, who would undertake the investigation of any suspicious cases, and institute prosecutions if necessary. Advertisements would then be inserted in suitable newspapers stating that the Trade Associates were bound not to give secret commissions in any form, and this would certainly be greatly to their own advantage, because the game-owner could not fail to appreciate the fact that these firms were not suborning his keepers or influencing them to his detriment in any way.

Photo *Newman*

A Bird Trap

The birds find an easy way in, but their return is blocked by the trap

The Keepers' Point of View

Naturally, the keepers themselves will not care for this turn of affairs, but for their benefit the Game Guild proposes to suggest a standard scale of wages for gamekeepers, and also a standard scale of tips. Game-owners are much too prone to leave temptations in the way of their keepers, and it is only just that a proper standard wage should be paid in order to make the men independent of bribes from dealers and others. There is no reason why the Trade Associateship should be confined to food manufacturers. The gun trade might co-operate in the scheme, and the result ought to be prosperity for the firms who do their business legitimately, and greater confidence on the part of shooting people in the men to whom their interests are entrusted. We wish the scheme every success. There are undoubtedly many difficulties to be overcome before the Associateship can get into proper working order, but the energy of Mr. E. P. Pratt, of Ryston Hall, Norfolk, Chairman of the Executive Council of the Game Guild, and of Mr. Nicholas Everitt, the hon. secretary of the Guild, has already put the project into definite shape.

A. W. C.

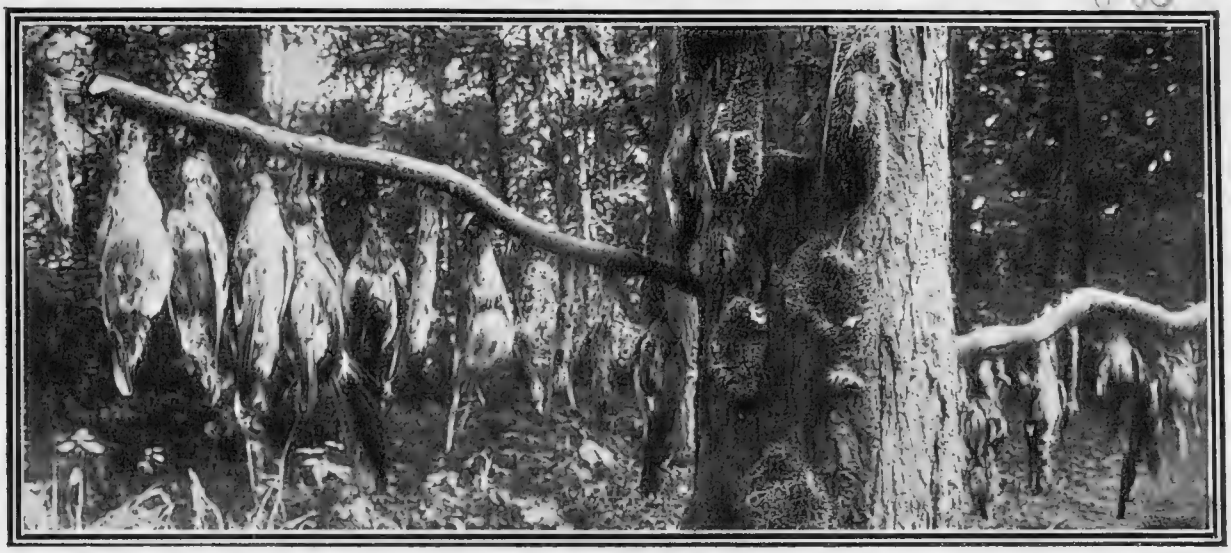
Photo *Cribb*

Meet of the Isle of Wight Foxhounds: Moving off and crossing the railway at Ashey

This pack has been established in the island since 1845, and for the past ten seasons it has been under the command of Colonel Howard Brooke

The Fate of Feathered and Furred Poachers

HOW THE GAMEKEEPER WAGES WAR UPON VERMIN



Vermin Caught by Gamekeeper

Here may be seen the skins of jays, crows, hawks, owls, hedgehogs, rats, weasels, and stoats

The Poletrap, with which the keeper catches winged vermin

GAME POACHERS

Among poachers of game the "two-legged" variety is not such a holy terror to keepers and game preservers as he was in the old days; but trouble is encountered on every shooting estate from ground and winged vermin. War is mercilessly waged by keepers upon rats, weasels, stoats, or polecats, and upon the domestic cat, which, when once she takes to poaching, can do incalculable harm. Winged vermin is more difficult to destroy than the four-footed animals. Magpies, jays, crows, and rooks, do tremendous damage by their egg-stealing propensities.

A family of Stoats, photographed in the only place where they give satisfaction to the gamekeeper

Photos *Newman*

An interesting photograph of a Polecat, an animal which is becoming very rare, with its prey in the Beech Woods of the Chilterns

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"Tables of Stone." By Harold Begbie. (Hodder: 6s.)
"The Wife." By H. W. C. Newte. (Rebman: 6s.)
"The Irony of Marriage." By Basil Tozer. (Rebman: 1s.)
"The House of the Lost Court." By the Marchioness d'Alpens. (Hodder: 6s.)

"Tables of Stone"

The Puritan in town is the theme of Mr. Harold Begbie's *Tables of Stone* (Hodder: 6s.). Clad in the garments of his father's fashionable youth, John Diver falls from Yorkshire into the vortex of London Society, and because of his austerity and simplicity is "lionised." First one beautiful woman sidetracks him, then another. Incidentally, he discards a belief in Christ for one in Darwin, and acquires some sociological enthusiasm. I think Mr. Begbie rates his hero's attractions for the opposite sex rather above the market price. Austerity has never by itself, in my generation at all events, got a man into and through Society. But where the novel as a whole disappoints is in the characters' lack of emotional continuity. Nobody involved seems to have any feelings "carried over." Thus, Diana Lawford, who introduces John to London, and who succeeds in kindling in him some cautious ardour, is, directly Diver moves away from her circle into that of the girl to whom he subsequently proposes (Harriet Caversham), discarded from his thoughts and apparently forgotten. Harriet, for her part, is equally stony-hearted. She receives the attentions of Diver without any semblance of regret for the fact that she has just, with much shedding of tears, broken off with Lord Butley, on that young man having announced that he was unable to marry her because doomed to die of a supposed disease. Mr. Begbie seems to have conceived his situations separately, and without regard for continuity. His characters have no apparent memory. With them it is "off with the old, and on with the new" and "out of sight, out of mind" to an extraordinary degree of insincerity. And yet they are not ostensibly frivolous, but very much the reverse. The musical parts of the novel, which describe Harriet's experiences in Vienna, are well related. I am willing to believe all Mr. Begbie says as to the transcendant musical genius of this young lady; but when she talks of the "theme of Beethoven, the knocking of Fate," and proceeds to illustrate it by humming to Diver the *Andante* of the Fifth Symphony, I am disposed to doubt her knowledge. I have laboured through life under the impression that the "knocking of Fate" referred to the opening *motif* of the Symphony, which has no kind of a place in the slow movement.

* * *

"Marry a Friend!"

Mr. Basil Tozer is the latest among us to attack the institution of marriage—or, rather, the "up-to-date" marriage. His little book, *The Irony of Marriage* (Rebman: 1s.), is full of good things, has a number of amusing stories, and, certainly, leads to the conclusion that, as a race, we are making a pretty mess of the matrimonial business as nowadays we conduct it. Mr. Tozer, after considering marriage, and pointing out, in a lively and spirited fashion, its various disadvantages, gives us, as the solution of the problem in a nutshell, the axiom, "Marry a Friend." He thinks that happiness is best assured by avoiding marriage for love—"love in the sense that means passion"—preferring instead the marriage for "love that means friendship." The best way to oppose this kind of proposition is, I think, the simple Parliamentary device of raising one's hat and saying "I object." To answer it fully and completely would mean talking the clock round. Mr. Tozer is on a fallacy—hairy, spiky, ferocious. *Don't* marry a friend! Have a friend, yes—by all means; have one for every day of the week, in every town or village, in every club, and in every bar-parlour or tea-shop—but *don't* marry one. If in the fulness of time we should meet at Philippi, and the duty devolves on me of saying why not, I will do my utmost, conscious in the knowledge that, agreeing with me in the background will be a Greek chorus comprised of the angels, the ministers of grace, the muses, the sages, and the registrars of births—all declaiming in deafening unison, "*Don't* Marry a Friend!"

* * *

"The Wife"

Mr. Horace W. C. Newte has followed his terrible *Master Beast* with a much lighter and more amusing story of the times. *The Wife* (Rebman: 6s.) cleverly pokes fun at suburban "smart society," in contrast with aristocratic "simple life." If Mr. Newte is right, so many of Society's pet sins are now practised in Suburbia that it is high time Mayfair found some new ones—or gave up wickedness altogether and tried virtue.

* * *

Romance—Mystery—Pathos

Would "county society" cut a couple of charming Americans because they had leased a haunted house? I can hardly believe it. However, the Marchioness d'Alpens, in *The House of the Lost Court* (Hodder: 6s.), gives us a case where it does, and it is not for me to question her knowledge of social peculiarities. A most graceful and entertaining story is made out of the adventures in England of two well-bred American women—would one more often encountered such delightful specimens of their race over here! They take "Queen's Quadrangle," ignorant of its terrible tradition, in due course, however, to discover it only too completely. As one of the Americans is of the "usual age," and charming, and as one of her male neighbours is the same, romance aids mystery in the task of making *The House of the Lost Court* a most readable novel.

V. C.

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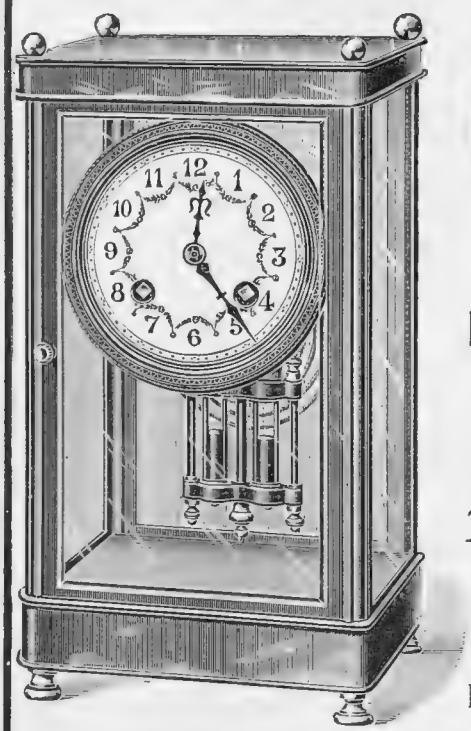

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

Playing Their Team In: The Pipe Band of Dr. Guthrie's Orphanage at Saturday's England v. Scotland Match

RUGBY FOOTBALL

When two sides are fairly evenly matched forward, the side which has the better pair of half-backs usually wins. But in the last of the Internationals at Inverleith on Saturday this was not so. The English forwards, though not quite as good as the Scottish eight, managed to hold their own, and the English halves, Williamson and Davey, were undoubtedly the better pair; but their superiority was almost entirely negatived by the failure of the men behind them to achieve any combination in attack. The Scottish three-quarters, on the other hand, were always dangerous whenever they got hold of the ball, Macleod and Martin—who, between them, were responsible for a try in each half—being a most effective couple. Still, England, thanks to individual efforts by Birkett and Williamson (backed up by Slocock), led at half-time by ten points to seven, and actually retained the lead, in spite of the fact that Scotland was doing most of the attacking in the second half, until within fifteen minutes of time, when a goal, from a try by Martin and Macleod, was quickly followed by a drop goal by Schulze, which gave Scotland a six-point victory.

LAWN TENNIS

One of the few Olympic contests in which ladies will compete is lawn tennis, and for the sake of England's lost prestige in this department of sport it is gratifying to hear that Mrs. Lambert Chambers will be the home country's leading representative in the coming engagements. Mrs. Chambers has opened the season well by winning the South of France Championship at Nice, easily securing first place in an international field. The lady ex-champion is not a tournament tourist in the modern acceptation of the word—the suggestion has never been made that she hunts prizes—and this year, I hear, she intends to limit her itinerary even more carefully. That she will essay to regain the Championship at Wimbledon may, however, be taken for granted, and, judging by her form on the Riviera, the recapture of the Championship from America may be anticipated.

GOLF. By Ernest Lehmann

The action of the Midland Golf Association in submitting a code of local rules for observance by clubs belonging to it to the judgment and revision of the Rules of Golf Committee has brought a rather unhappy episode to a wise conclusion. It will be remembered that the Midland Golf Association created some stir by adopting one or two local rules which ran counter to the authorised code of general rules. The matter having been duly ventilated, the Midland authorities took the wise course of going

Photos] The Fight for the Calcutta Cup: Good Passing by Scotland [*Sport and General*

At Inverleith, on Saturday, Scotland retained possession of the Calcutta Cup, England being defeated by 3 goals (2 dropped) and 1 try to 2 goals. England were three points ahead at the interval, and only lost their lead in the last fifteen minutes' play

The Lawn Tennis Lady Ex-Champion at Nice

Mrs. Lambert Chambers (Miss Douglass) has started her season on the Riviera by winning the South of France Championship at Nice. She has been selected to represent England in the Olympic Lawn Tennis Competition. In the above photograph she is chatting with E. D. Robinson, the veteran player

to headquarters for advice. As I pointed out some time ago, the Rules of Golf Committee have always held that it is part of their duty to give advice on the subject of local rules to any club or association which came to them for help. This attitude of the Rules of Golf Committee cannot be too widely known, for it disposes of the unjust but oft-repeated accusation that St. Andrews cares for nothing outside her own borders. Now that we have a prominent and strong body like the Midland Golf Association going to St. Andrews for advice, it is much to be hoped that its example will be widely followed by other clubs and associations when faced with the necessity of drawing up a code of local rules.

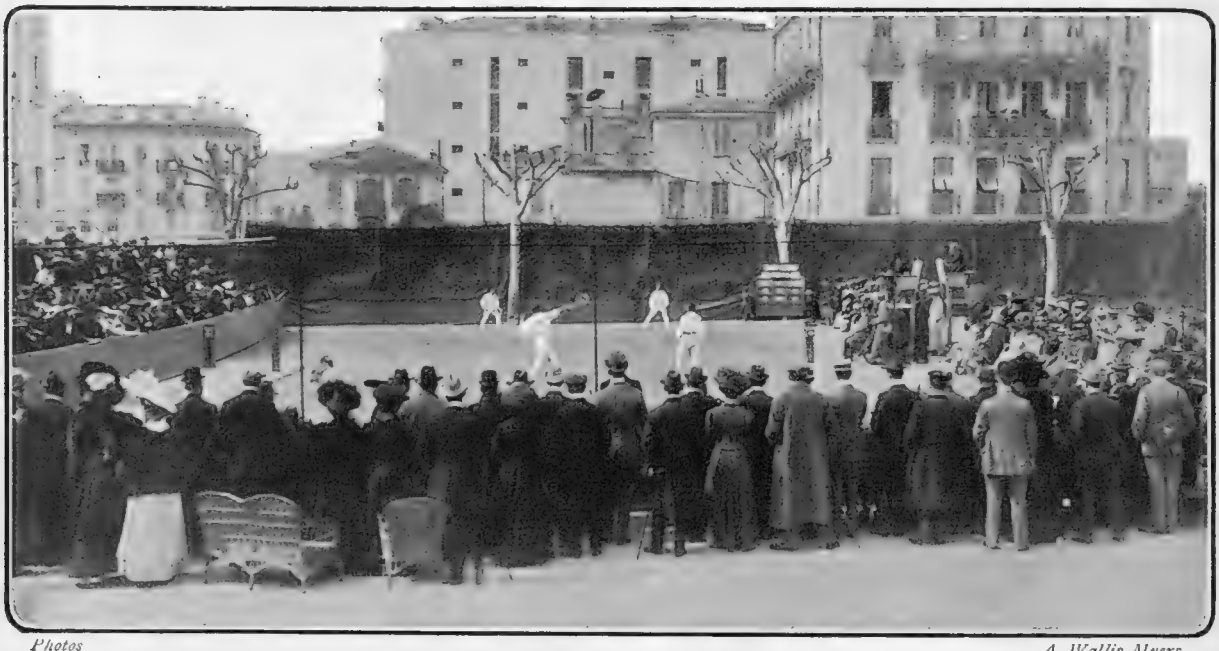
For St. Andrews

I have always been opposed to the cry of those who clamoured against St. Andrews for not drawing up a comprehensive code of local rules. The construction of such a code (a contradiction in terms) would pass the wit of the wisest golf legislator. No two courses are quite alike in all their features, and there is sure to be on every course some local peculiarity which calls for a local rule as being outside the scope of the ordinary rules. It is, therefore, best to allow each club to deal with the peculiarities of its course by local rules of its own devising. At the same time, the Committee should be careful to see that their local rules run on lines as uniform as possible with those of other well-known clubs. Here is where the Rules of Golf Committee come in. They will always be happy to revise any local code of rules so as to bring it as much as possible into line with others already in existence, which, like that of the Midland Golf Association, has received the official *imprimatur*.

The Desire for Comprehensiveness

We have got past the stage when it was felt to be dangerous to leave anything out of the general rules for fear of local rules being adopted by clubs which conflicted with the ordinary code. It was this desire for comprehensiveness which made the code so cumbersome and confusing. I do not believe that there is any desire in any quarter to depart in any particular from the rules which St. Andrews may lay down. Now that we know that the ruling body is not too august to take note of local rules we may be sure that clubs will go to headquarters for advice when in any difficulty about their local rules. Altogether, the state of affairs in the body politic of golf strikes me as being more healthy than it has been for many a long day. St. Andrews is slowly, but surely, being forced out of her *laissez faire* policy, and is coming more and more to recognise that the game in all its aspects must be ruled by the central body with a firm and wise hand.

ERNEST LEHMANN.



Photos *A. Wallis Myers*

The Final of the South of France Championship Doubles at Nice

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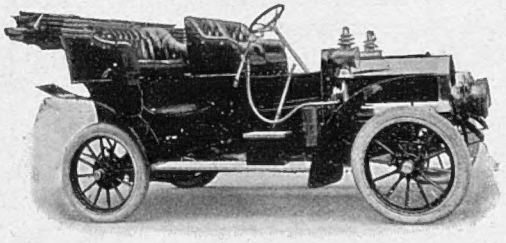

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

An Inn with a Living Sign : The Beehive, Grantham

This inn is probably unique in possessing a living sign. On the signboard appear these words :—

"Stop, traveller, this wondrous sign explore,
And say when thou has viewed it o'er and o'er,
Grantham's two rarities now are thine,
A lofty steeple and a living sign!"

The contemplated additional tax on motors is still a subject of the greatest interest to car owners. There is a movement in the direction of inducing owners not to lend their cars during elections except to the candidate who is sound on the question. A great deal of pressure certainly can be brought to bear on Members of Parliament to make them, in turn, exercise a gentle squeeze on Mr. Asquith. Lord Montagu has taken up the cudgels already in the House of Lords, where, by the way, Lord Londonderry was good enough to remark that motors were not sufficiently taxed, and he hoped they would be made to pay more. To return for a moment to the subject of elections, why not form a motor-car owners' league for the purpose of assisting to bring electors to the polling booths? In each district a large number of motorists could be persuaded to lend their cars for polling only to such candidates as undertook to protect the interests of car owners when elected. Such a league, carefully organised, would be a power with which every candidate for Parliamentary honours would have to reckon seriously, for elections to-day are largely influenced by the assistance given by motors to bring indifferent voters to the poll.

* * *

Business is beginning to look up, and with the commencement of Spring the motor manufacturers' fancies lightly turn to thoughts of record sales. The Daimler Company are delivering cars in very satisfactory numbers, and their orders are extremely gratifying. Mr. Edward Powell, at the opening of the Humber Company's vast new workshops, said that the sales for the first week of March exceeded by £3,000 the largest sale in any one week since the record boom they had on the introduction of the 10-12 h.-p. Humber. The Napier Company tell me that six-cylinder cars and chassis delivered last month beat all past records. Clement-Talbot find that their accumulated sales for the four months ending in February have increased by no less than 62 per cent. on previous years. Rolls-Royce are very busy, and I am glad to note that their orders from America are increasing largely, while the Argyll Company are selling their new 14-16 h.-p. car as fast as it can be turned out. The Siddeley Company, whose sterling cars are so much in vogue among the aristocracy, are making large deliveries, while, last but not least, Mr. Baisley, of the Gladiator, informs me that his Company are very busy, and he has no cause to complain.

* * *

This week there are two motor shows. At the Agricultural Hall those manufacturers who were unable to obtain space at the Olympia Show last November are displaying their latest designs at Cordingley's Exhibition. Those in search of a voiturette will find an *embarrass de richesses*. At Olympia there is an amalgamated exhibit of motor vehicles and motor yachts. The motor yacht section is very complete, and nobody interested in water navigation should fail to pay a visit to the show.

* * *

Brooklands Racing Club opens on Saturday, April 18, when, on that day and the following Monday (Easter Monday), several good races will take place, including a Naval and Military Cup, for which only members of the two Services are eligible to compete. There will also be an innovation in the shape of a motor cycle race. Brooklands has been much sought

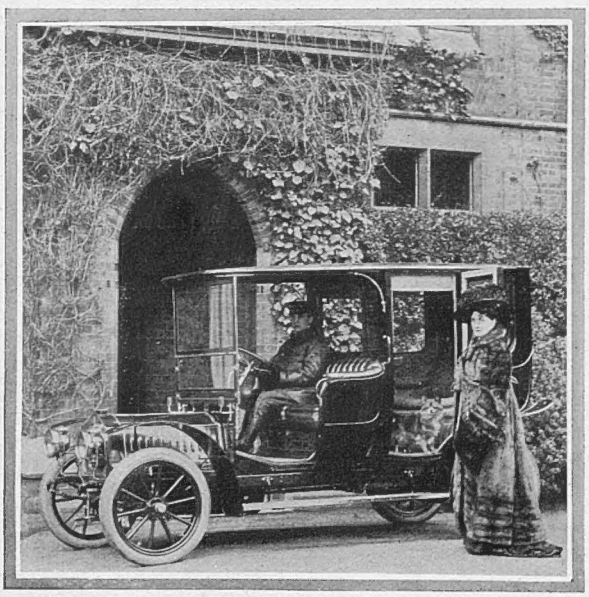

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Mrs. B. H. Weguelin, with her 12-14 h.-p. De Dion Bouton

Mrs. Weguelin, of Coombe End, Kingston Hill, has just added this car to her fleet of De Dion Boutons. It is the seventh of this make that she has purchased—surely a testimony to its reliability and all-round excellence

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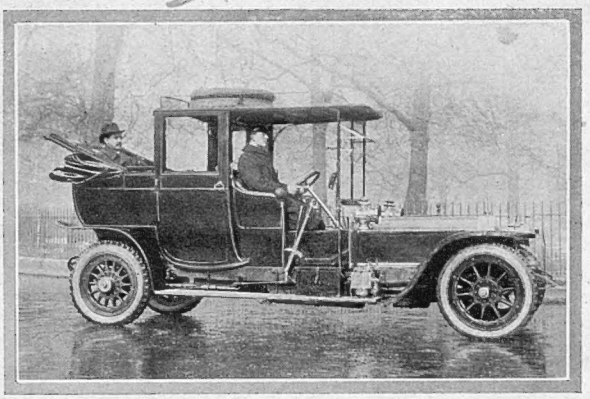


Mr. W. E. Scarritt on his 40-50 h.-p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce

Mr. Scarritt is one of the Governors, and an ex-President, of the Automobile Club of America, and has just concluded a visit to this country. He was very struck at the evolution of motor traffic in London, and at the large number of motor-cabs and 'buses in use

after during the winter months for speed-testing purposes, and by those in search of new records, many of these having been made.

* * *

The Cadillac standardisation test, one of the most interesting of the Brooklands trials, came to a most successful close on Friday, March 13 last, when, at 2.30 p.m., the three cars completed 1,662 miles without a single hitch or mechanical adjustment of any kind. It will be remembered that these three cars, selected from stock by the Royal Automobile Club Technical Committee, were dismantled, the heap of 721 parts shuffled up together, then re-erected into three cars, each composed of parts of the other two, and each given a 500 miles run on the Brooklands track. The Dunlop tyres with which they were fitted suffered only one nail puncture in all the 1,662 miles covered.

* * *

Miscellanea

The Swift Motor Company have sent us two artistic oxydised copper ash-trays which are well worth possessing, and similar ash-trays will be sent gratis to any reader of THE BYSTANDER who chooses to write and ask for them, mentioning the name of the paper. The address of the Swift Company is Cheylesmore Works, Coventry.

With reference to the paragraph on the growing sale of British cars abroad, we are pleased to add the Ariel motors to the list. Quite recently, four of these fine 30-40 h.-p. cars have been shipped to customers in "furrin parts."

H. M. HOBSON, LTD., 29, VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, S.W., close to Victoria Station. Sole Concessionnaires for Nagant-Hobson and Decauville Cars, Jenatzy Tyres, and Pognon Plugs. Garage always open.

On completing his Egyptian tour, Mr. Chas. J. Glidden who is so well known in connection with his motor travels, having obtained permission from the Sultan of Turkey, proceeded recently to visit Palestine. He cables from Jerusalem that it was impossible to land his car at Joppa, and that he was obliged to proceed farther north to Haifa. From that point he drove, via Athlit, Cæsarea, and Joppa, to Jerusalem, entering the city through the Damascus gate. From the time the car was started at Haifa until housed in the hotel grounds at Jerusalem, great excitement prevailed among the natives, as it was the first motor-car ever seen in the country. Mr. Glidden's mileage to date in Syria is about 130, and a total of 43,137 in the world's tour in thirty-seven countries. From Jerusalem he will drive to the Sea of Galilee, via Joppa and Haifa, returning to Haifa and sending the car by train to Damascus—176 miles, driving to several places out of Damascus, and finally reaching Beirut via Balbec. The next country will be Greece, followed by Montenegro, Dalmatia, Croatia, to Trieste, crossing the Dolomites and reaching Paris early in May and London about May 15. A goodly trip!

The Dunlop Company have just issued their new 1908 catalogue, and many substantial reductions have been effected in the price of these famous tyres.

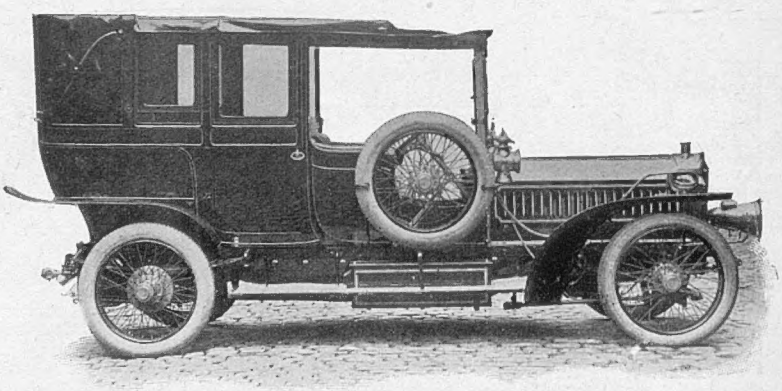
The Lord Mayor of London has consented to open the Commercial and Motor Boat Exhibition at Olympia on Friday, March 27, and he will also propose the principal toast at the luncheon. It will be noted that the date of the opening of this Exhibition has been changed from March 26 to March 27. It will remain open till Saturday night, April 4. This is the second International Exhibition for commercial vehicles and motor boats organised by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders in connection with the Royal Automobile Club, and it has for its principal patron H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

The German Crown Prince on a Shooting Expedition with his 14-16 F.N. Car

The "F.N." car is only made with a 14-16 h.-p. engine. It is a four-cylinder car

Lord Brassey, G.C.B., has just ordered a 25-30 h.-p. Vulcan Car, and Lord Alastair Kerr has ordered a 16-20 h.-p. Hotchkiss Car.

USE CARBURINE MOTOR SPIRIT.—For particulars apply to THE G. L. I. COMPANY, LTD., 7, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C. Telegrams: "Carburine, London." Telephone No.: 4452 London Wall.



The Ex-Premier's Up-to-Date 60 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier

This car, which has just been supplied to Mr. Balfour by S. F. Edge, Ltd., shows several distinctive features. Up-to-date detachable wire wheels are fitted, while the pattern of the hood and driver's canopy are novel. The chassis is a standard 60 h.-p. six-cylinder, with the Napier multiple plate clutch and synchronised ignition, and triple spring suspension at the rear